

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND  
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1825.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

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**W. M. THACKERAY, Esq.**, will deliver, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 17, Edward Street, Portman Square, on Monday Evening, 12th Jan., 1852, the first of a Series of Six Lectures on the English Humorous Writers of the Last Century. To commence at Half-past Eight. For Reserved Seats (numbered) to the Series, One Guinea—Reserved Seats (numbered) for one night, Five Shillings. Admission for one night to the body of the Theatre, Two Shillings and Sixpence. Only a limited number of Tickets. All further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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**ARCHITECTURAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.**  
—Members are informed that Part III. for the year 1850-51 will be ready for delivery on Friday, 16th instant. The first part for the current year being in progress, the subscriptions are requested to be paid as early as possible. A Prospectus of the Works issued by the Society can be obtained on application.  
WYATT PAPWORTH, Hon. Sec.  
14a, Great Marlborough Street,  
Jan. 8, 1852.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

## REVIEWS.

*Life and Letters of Barthold G. Niebuhr.*  
Chapman and Hall.

WE have in these volumes a memoir of the historian of Rome, interspersed with copious extracts from his correspondence. The letters have been translated from the 'Lebensnachrichten,' a German collection of Niebuhr's correspondence; and the memoir, from its rugged and un-English style, has been, if not translated, at least worked up from German materials, of which the traces still cling to its every line. A supplement of essays on Niebuhr's character and influence is added by the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Löbell and Brandis; but no clue is given, either on the title-page or in the books, as to the editor and translator, though the diction bears internal evidence of emanating from the pen of a female writer.

This is all we are enabled to state respecting the origin and arrangement of a work which is intended to fill up an inconvenient blank in the biographical literature of this nation and of other nations; for Niebuhr, as a man of science, as an historian, a philosopher, and a politician, belongs to the whole of the civilized world. That much abused term, the "solidarity" of nations, receives a practical demonstration by men of his stamp. Madame de Staël protested that genius had no sex. We would rather say it belongs to no country. The Niebuhrs, Hallams, Bunsens, and Macaulays, as they belong to all ages, so do they belong to all nations. They are naturalized in every country which can understand them and appreciate their excellence. We state it on the authority of Chevalier Bunsen, that "the sale of the English translation of Niebuhr's 'History of Rome' has by far exceeded that of the German original;" that even of the German edition large numbers of copies have been sold in England; and that in this country men of all classes and parties vie in the homage they pay to his critical superiority, while they acknowledge the profound truth of his historical views and political maxims, and the fulness and consistency of his diction, which, if not always elegant, is always eloquent, earnest, and majestic. We may state, on the same competent authority, that as historian, as philosopher, and politician, Niebuhr is more generally and sincerely appreciated in this country than in Denmark, where he was born, and in Prussia, in whose service he spent the best years of his life. His public character, therefore, needs no elucidation. But his birth, parentage, early aspirations, and youthful foibles, the accidents of his career, his household affections and virtues, the private griefs and the secret struggles which fell to his share amidst a few hollow friendships and many avowed enmities—these, and the closing scene of a conspicuous and glorious career, were still wanting in our memories and on our shelves. The two volumes now before us profess to supply that deficiency. We accept them gratefully; but we should be wanting in candour if we were to declare that we are satisfied. Even the editor admits that the memoir and the letters give not, by any means, a complete view of what Niebuhr thought and felt, even on the passing event of the day. This pleading of *meâ culpâ* bespeaks more candour than judgment. There was certainly no lack of materials.

Why has not the work been reconsidered and remodelled? With such models as Macaulay's Warren Hastings, and Machiavelli, we should say that biography had risen to a higher stage, and that less bulk and a greater precision of outline might safely be asked at the hands of any one who undertakes a work like that before us.

It would be needless to enter, in these pages, into a detailed account of Niebuhr's parentage, birth, and early years. Sprung from a family of Frisian peasants, son of Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, a Dane by birth and by his mother's family, he was a quick, sensitive, sickly, hard-working, and precocious boy, the idol of his father, and the pet of his father's friends, among whom were some of the most distinguished men of the period, such as Boje, Voss, and Stollberg. He was taught, trained, and tutored from his earliest infancy. He learnt to write Greek characters in his sixth year, and composed small essays, and made abstracts of Shakspeare's plays before he was nine. He learnt French and English before he was out of his teens, and, on his father's assertion, he knew twenty languages before he had reached his thirtieth year. Born in 1776, his early years fell into a time of great and, indeed, of morbid excitement. As a mere child, Niebuhr was inoculated with the literary and political mania of the age. Any new work of the great writers of the time was hailed as an important event, the bearings of which lay beyond the reach of human knowledge. Young Niebuhr was taught to thrill with excitement at the sight of a new book from Goethe, Klopstock, or Lessing. It was but natural that this time, when his feelings were strongest and freshest, should at a later period appear to him as the culminating point of German literature, and that consequently that literature seemed to him in after years to droop and to decay. Expressions denoting this state of feeling are but too frequent in his correspondence. They ought to be taken for what they are worth, and his views on the national literature of Germany come fully within the compass of the editor's remarks on Niebuhr's optimistic enthusiasm:—

"In after life his chief defect was, that he set too high a standard for mankind at large, instead of taking them as he found them, which made it difficult for him to co-operate with others, and rendered him liable to despair of men and classes whenever he detected their moral deficiencies."

The same precocity of intellect displayed itself in relation to political subjects. His almost too indulgent biographer informs us, that at the early age of seven little Niebuhr wrote political essays, and that, like Hartley Coleridge after him, he created for himself an imaginary empire, "which he called Low England, and of which he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace." The Turkish war of 1787 made a profound impression upon him: he used to dream and, we are assured, to prophesy of its events. He was greatly shocked by the events of the French Revolution, and foretold that it would ultimately tend to barbarize humanity. In 1794 he proceeded to the University of Kiel, and this, almost the first separation from his parents and friends, led naturally to the commencement of his published correspondence.

These youthful effusions, in spite of the editor's assertions to the contrary, show Niebuhr neither so amiable nor so ripe in reasoning as his friends would make us believe. The most important fact undoubt-

edly is, that even at that early age (he was then just eighteen) he had new and original views about the colonization of Greece and the whole of Asia Minor, and that these views commanded the respect of some of the most distinguished philologists of the day. In other respects these letters contain strong indications of an uncertain temper, of a want of caution and tolerance, and of an irritable and false modesty. In the first few days after his arrival in Kiel he pronounces Mrs. Hegewische to be "the first cultivated (that is to say, *accomplished*) woman" he has seen in the town, but immediately afterwards he must admit that as yet he has spoken to no other lady. In the first fortnight of his residence he has "completed the circle of his most intimate friends," and he does "not mean to extend it." He accuses his parents for not being "stricter" and "more severe" with him; and to their remonstrances on the subject, he replies, that the "strict mode of life" which he imposes upon himself, "gives a sort of rigidity to his manner and everything about him, even to the tone of his letters." To exemplify this, he says he will not enter the world until he has completed his studies, and adds, "Woe to the fool who enters it before he has knowledge enough to compensate for its emptiness." Another woe is thundered against some unfortunate wretches on an equally frivolous occasion. His acquaintance with one of his intimate friends "is broken off" within the first quarter by a difference, "not in politics, but philosophy." "I really loved him, but with such principles I could not be his friend." In another letter his "occupations acquire a new charm" for him, and they "grow easier," too, the further he advances; and in the same letter he says, "My head swims when I survey what I have yet to learn—philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history. I *must* know all these things, but how I shall learn them, Heaven knows."

We might support our assertions by quotations from almost every page, but the few specimens we have given will prove that our duty rather than our inclination prompted the censure we were obliged to pass on the idolizing spirit which pervades the pages of Niebuhr's biographer. Rashness, flippancy, and intolerance are not unusual in young men. They were more than usually rife in Niebuhr. Why not candidly acknowledge that the early years of a great man had their share of the weaknesses which all flesh is heir to? And this the more when such natural blemishes are scoured off by the discipline and covered with the glory of after-life, and when the impetuous youth has so early and almost instinctive an appreciation of his future career as is expressed in the following passage:—

"From the peculiar direction of my mind and talent, I believe that Nature has intended me for a literary man—an historian of ancient and modern times. Meanwhile, my individual taste will certainly carry the day; and if my name is ever to be spoken of, I shall be known as an historian and a political writer—as an antiquarian and a philologist."

In the year 1796, after completing his studies at Kiel, Niebuhr was appointed private secretary to Count Schimmelmann, a member of the Danish government. After remaining two years in this position, he received permission to leave Copenhagen for England, and it is in his visit to our country that we follow the young philologist and future historian with the liveliest interest. The letters



he wrote from England have in part been destroyed by fire, but enough remains in his correspondence with Miss Behrens (whom he afterwards married) to show the impression which our country in its then state made upon the young foreigner. We must remember that he speaks of England as he found it in 1798.

And here again we are struck by an evident want of candour in the young traveller. As his father's favourite, the object of the admiration of a circle of friends, equally admired and courted in the small towns of Kiel and Copenhagen, what struck him most painfully in England, was the utter ignorance which our countrymen displayed of his talents and mental superiority. But it takes some time before he acknowledges thus much. In the first instance, he is ill at ease, because attentions are paid him for his father's sake rather than his own:—

"I think that the most learned men here, as elsewhere, look more to the authority that a man brings with him, than to his talents and intellect. My father's name, which is very celebrated here, introduces me everywhere. But I look forward with pleasure to the time that will transfer me from a rather too conspicuous position to the quiet of Scotland."

How conspicuous that position really was need not be told to any *habitué* of London life. The following extracts from other letters will, moreover, throw the fullest light on the point we wish to elucidate:—

"As far as I can hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing, and much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects; but that narrative and commonplace form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which as a stranger I might have to complain, for of this my share is not large, and I bear it easily. I am, besides, fully persuaded that I shall find things very different in Scotland."

"I have not availed myself of my introductions to fashionable society, and hesitate considerably to expose myself to the mortification of a haughty reception."

"Really in summer London is not a very interesting city, and the libraries are at present my chief sources of information."

"I am extremely sorry that I have found no friend inclined to take me about and explain to me what is most worthy of observation."

"To have some society in the evening, I went to Mallet du Pan's."

In another letter to Count Moltke he complains that he is "still lonely," and in spite of his alleged "too conspicuous position," he confesses that he is "a silly child to dislike England because of the unpleasantness of his isolated position."

We lay the greater stress upon these contradictory statements, because it appears from subsequent letters that his residence in our country had a most salutary effect on Niebuhr's character and way of thinking. Whatever weaknesses, and these the most natural ones in a man of his nation and age, might still cling to his character, they were rubbed off during his brief career in London, and in despite of the mortification of personal vanity, he grew in candour, and advanced to a just appreciation of England and the English. His letters abound with expressions to this effect. He says:—

"I know no nation to which I would rather belong as a citizen than the English; not only on account of their constitution, but from my delight in the hard-working, active, intelligent, and the

strong and straightforward common sense of the thinking men, and because of the superior, almost universal, cultivation of the burgher class."

In another place he says:—

"Everybody here is in action; idleness and half-done work are certainly less common than with us; practical ability is certainly more general—a false show of knowledge rarer; a showy exterior gains little respect; the word of a man may be depended on, and I believe the better sort trouble themselves little about the opinion of others. But it cannot be denied that mediocrity is very common, and is by no means looked down upon."

Here speaks the aristocrat from the German republic of letters. On the whole, the perusal of these letters from London has caused us fully to concur in the biographer's statement that "England taught him much, and that he was perfectly aware of it. He had previously been only capable of making such additions to his knowledge as he could derive from conversations or books. Now he had learnt to read nature also, and the objects that spoke to the eye alone. He felt, too, that he had gained much in courage, experience, and aptitude." And though we think it flattering, it is not the less natural that a man of Niebuhr's character should always have "retained a great predilection for the English nation," and that "their consistency, integrity, and faithfulness should have raised them in his estimation above every other nation except his own." More congenial to his German feelings perhaps were the Scotch, whom he greatly admired during his stay at Edinburgh, and on excursions into the lowland shires. On his journey to Scotland he was disgusted with the stage-coaches, and their "tremendous" speed. Their rapidity of motion appeared to him unnatural. Nevertheless, it took him three weary days of travelling to go from London to Newcastle. In Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of many men whose names were then and are still eminent in science, such as Coventry, Playfair, Robinson, Hope, Gregory, Home, Rutherford, Walker, and Grant; and in the vicinity of that town he visited the seat of Sir John Murray, of Kirkland's Hill, whose wife was "somewhat rough, though pleasant," and who "smoked her pipe, laughed at it, and protested it was no sin."

In May, 1800, Niebuhr returned to Holstein, and married. In June he took his wife to Copenhagen, where he had been appointed to a place in the Board of Trade.

*The School for Husbands; or, Molière's Life and Times.* By Lady Bulwer Lytton. Skeet.

It is a thankless task to criticise the works of a lady. Women have a natural claim to exemption from the harsh laws and rough handling which are essential conditions of the lot of man. Among the benefits of a public school education, the hardships, and struggles, and sorrows, of a boy's earlier years, form no inconsiderable item, and are the best training for life in the great world; but, benefits though they be, our daughters, happily, are not called upon to participate in them. Now, the position of an authoress, under the rule and rod of critics and reviewers, bears a strong analogy to that of a young-lady pupil at Harrow or Winchester; and hence our unaffected reluctance to bring before the public, in the arena of criticism, the subject of this notice. Cruel, however, as it undoubt-

edly is, to "cut up" a lady, still, by the *lex talionis*, we are more than justified in severity when we have to deal with a literary resurrectionist. It is more than cruel in Lady Bulwer to exhume for dissection the remains of a poet from their repose of two centuries, and to make him the subject of a lecture—and such a lecture! Our Lady Die Vernon has positively "unearthed" Molière as the most convenient "find" for a grand "run," in which she may ride rough-shod over everything and everybody.

The novel is merely a text, or pretext, to introduce a *preface*. The preface is the gem—the novel the casket. When the book came out, we were asked, "What do you think of Lady Bulwer's novel? What is it like?" Our reply was brief, "It is like adversity. It tries one's patience; and, like the toad, ugly and venomous, it yet wears a precious jewel at its head."

Of the story itself little need be said, and criticism is, at all times, too valuable to be thrown away. The edifice is too flimsy to bear the weight of the scaffolding. Lady Bulwer claims that her book shall be judged by its literary merit. By all means—but this claim implies one condition, the existence of merit in the book; in case of non-fulfilment, therefore, judgment must be suffered to go by default.

If the book is deficient in point of literary merit, it is still more objectionable on the score of taste, in introducing family matters and domestic troubles to the public, through the medium of such a vehicle. We are totally unacquainted with the details of the causes of discord which seem to have broken up the family ties of Lady Bulwer Lytton, and the public, we are certain, are not eager to be informed of them; but even if the right be on her side, her own advocacy of her cause forces upon us the unwelcome conviction that she is in the wrong. If her own woman's nature, however, does not teach her how unnatural is the course she pursues, how repulsive are the vindictive personal allusions scattered through her pages, how shall we hope that any remonstrance will produce much effect, or even be listened to, let it come from what quarter it may?

The plot of the story is deficient in interest, and unredeemed by any graphic touches of description or masterly portraits of character. One exception, indeed, we must allow; the authoress is gifted beyond measure with descriptive power—in one department. In everything connected with dress, whether male or female, (and doubtless also epicene articles of bloomer apparel,) down to the trappings of a horse, or the collar and ribbons of a lap-dog—in all matters of millinery and upholstery—Lady Bulwer is undeniably great. We are favoured with whole pages of satins, velvets, and lace, trimmings and plumes, lutestring whisks, dove-coloured Padusay silks, "ruches" of narrow quilled crimson tulle, crimson taffety rosettes, with cardinals and hoods, aigrettes and hangings, and damask cloths, over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. We cannot pretend to judge how these descriptions please the taste of the fair reader, to whom such mysteries are familiar; but, for ourselves, we should find greater interest in studying a volume of *formulae* of crochet-work, or the recipes of a cookery-book.

Again, of gossip and small talk there is more than enough, but, unfortunately, the witticisms "have a plentiful lack of wit," and the anecd-



dotes of great people are of the smallest possible calibre. The characters are weakly drawn, and their individuality ill sustained; or if a character is intended to be strongly marked, it is, as in the case of 'Sir Gilbert Hawthorne,' grossly overcoloured. We cannot but believe that the authoress intended to be very personal in this sketch—that she wishes the world to take it for a portrait; if so, she has defeated her own aim; the exaggeration is too monstrous to allow the recognition of any single feature.

But, after all, if the book is read at all, it will be for the sake of the preface, which is the richest *bonne bouche* that has appeared for a long while to tickle the palate of the reading world. It is a rambling, self-bemoaning, man-abusing, shrewish-maudlin sort of curtain-lecture to the male sex in general; and any one who can conceive an amalgamation of the peculiarities of Mrs. Caudle and Mrs. Nickleby, may form some notion of the farrago of this extraordinary introduction to a work of fiction.

Lady Bulwer, it seems, has gone through the list of publishers, seeking an honest one, like Diogenes searching for a wise man, and with like ill success, until at last she has lighted on one, whom she almost believes to be "that *rara avis*, an honest publisher." We are candidly informed that this gentleman "did all that he could, and more than he had any right to do, to try and persuade me not to publish" the preface. The publisher's advice was certainly judicious and kind to Lady Bulwer, but most unpatriotic to his country. It would have been hardly fair that he should enjoy the perusal himself, and then deny that gratification to the public.

In her choice of the pattern publisher, Lady Bulwer has placed herself between the horns of a dilemma. Either the book is turned out in the most discreditably careless manner, or the authoress is sadly ignorant of the common rules of grammar and spelling. Or rather, there is a contribution on both sides. We never saw so many misprints compressed within the space of three volumes; and, on the other hand, many grammatical and orthographical errors are repeated four or five times; so that in these cases, at least, to give the *devil* his due, the blame cannot fairly rest on the printer. We are not generally hypercritical on such points, but one class of blunders we must notice. Classical quotations are not demanded or expected from ladies, but if ladies will quote Greek and Latin authors, they should be especially careful to guard against mistakes, as they are at least on debatable, if not hostile ground. The assumption of erudition becomes intolerable, when there are not only errors in four out of five passages cited, but often in each passage three or four blunders, and those of so gross a kind as frequently to render it doubtful in what language the quotation is written. The blue-stocking is not an ungraceful item of the toilette, but it should at least have no holes in it.

Lady Bulwer is very censorious, but we are bound to say strictly impartial in her censure. Politicians and litterateurs, Free Traders and Protectionists, the 'Morning Post,' the 'Literary Gazette,' the 'Illustrated London News,' and Mr. Charles Dickens, all come in for an equal share of vituperation; to say nothing of the publishers, who have entered into a dire and unnatural conspiracy against Lady Bulwer and all her works.

We regret that to do justice to this preface

is impossible. The only way would be simply to transcribe it all, without comment. This we can hardly do, with justice to our readers, as it extends over some twenty-seven pages. As to making extracts, how shall we skim cream? The reader who is partial to rich drinks, may satiate himself for threepence at the nearest circulating library.

We must conclude with protesting against the practice of authors, adopted by Lady Bulwer,—viz., of advancing doctrines or opinions by the mouths of the characters in their books, in such guise as to convince the reader that they are the author's sentiments; and of denying such opinions when charged with them, on the ground that they have merely made some fictitious personage utter them. It is generally very evident when these personages are or are not the mouth-pieces of the writer, conveying his thoughts as truly as if spoken in his own proper person; and it is the writer's fault if he allows his own creations so to misrepresent him. And if this shallow excuse is to pass current in the present instance, Lady Bulwer must not hope again to take advantage of the license.

In taking leave of Lady Bulwer, we have only to wish that she may soon write another preface. The spirit of her tirade is noticeable as a sign of the times. Any schoolboy can now tell you that the Amazons are "a mythical race." The heart of the myth, however, yet survives. The germ remains undying, and buds forth in ever-new forms. The indignant assertion of the Rights of Woman, by lady lecturers in ambiguous costume, is the same spirit clothed in another shape; the crusade of the lady writer against men and husbands, is the old friend with a new face. How great the contrast between the declamatory wrath of these ladies, and the solemn stirring appeal of genius on the same subject! Compare the voluble scoldings of the 'School for Husbands,' or the kindred rantings of the Dexterian platform, with the touching power and pathos of Jane Eyre, when she pleads for the world's attention to, and redress of, the Wrongs of Woman! Lady Bulwer Lytton, go and do likewise!

*A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California; with a Glance at some of the Tropical Islands, including the West Indies and the Sandwich Isles.* By the Hon. Henry J. Coke. Bentley.

THE world is getting too narrow for the enterprising strides of English travel. That class of tourists who, thirty years ago, would have amply satisfied their love of novelty and change by a ramble through Germany and Italy, are now content with nothing less than expeditions to the remote East or the Far West. They know their Europe by heart, and their inquisitiveness strains after Asia or the New World. Here is an earl's brother, who has just performed such a journey as few young men of his condition have ever undertaken solely for their pleasure. Having steamed across to the West Indies and the States, apparently for mere pastime, he there decided, in concert with some friends, to attempt a more extensive and far more laborious expedition. California was the goal they proposed to themselves—to be reached, not by the easy sea-route and across the Isthmus of Panama, but by the terrible overland journey in which hundreds have perished. From certain passages in Mr. Coke's volume,

we suspect that George Ruxton's graphic and fascinating pictures of Life in the Far West stimulated him to his hazardous undertaking. He soon found the difference between reading of such adventures and actually encountering them. The start was pleasant enough. From England, out as far as St. Louis, everything was rose-colour; novel scenes, hospitable colonists, good dinners, and sports of all kinds. Whilst in Jamaica, Mr. Coke went out alligator shooting. Besides his rifle, his sole companions were a young negro and a little pig. The negro pinched the pig on the bank of the swamp, and the pig squeaked to invite the alligators ashore, whilst Mr. Coke sat perched in a mangrove tree, a martyr to mosquitos, but patiently awaiting his game. He waited so long, that he feared the alligators had either breakfasted or abjured pork:—

"At length, the nigger, who had hitherto done nothing but laugh at the pig, suddenly stopped, and pointing to something in the water, said—'Eigh! Alligator—shoot, massa.' For my part I could see nothing but what I supposed to be a dead log, and would not be persuaded that the object on the surface of the pool, although within fifteen yards of me, was anything but a dead log. 'Eigh! Garamighty, shoot, massa,' the young nigger whispered, but I had no intention of the kind. Soon, however, I observed that the log had slightly altered its position, and it was clearly moving, although almost imperceptibly. Half doubting that I was wasting a charge of powder, I took a steady aim and fired. At the instant of the flash, the monster sprang half out of the water, showed the white of his belly, and with a tremendous splash disappeared from our sight. The nigger assured me that he was dead, and ran off to some houses close at hand to fetch a canoe. When the canoe came, we paddled about over the place where the shot was fired; but though we could see to the bottom, we saw no alligator. The boy was as much disappointed as I, and could only exclaim, 'Eigh! What dam big alligator—top two, tree day—him come up when him gall broke.' It was provoking not to have bagged my game, but I had no idea of stopping two or three days in the swamps till 'him gall broke;' so I rode back to Golden Grove, determined, if possible, to bag one of these big reptiles another day."

Some lively and pleasant sketches of West Indian society and scenery are to be found in Mr. Coke's first two chapters; but Tom Cringle has left little to be said in that line, or at least there are few writers whose descriptions would not appear tame after his. At Trinidad we have a good account of a cock-fight. Sunday is there the great day for such sport; there is no Protestant church in the place. The Spaniard with whom Mr. Coke was staying was an enthusiastic cock-fighter, and a bold better on such "events." So our traveller swallowed his scruples for once, and passed five hours of the Sabbath in the cockpit:—

"The circus holds about two hundred people; the instant the birds are brought in, every one of these two hundred commence backing their opinion as to the results of the combat, not alone with money, but with screams, yells, gesticulations, and every means which the excitement of the moment can suggest, short of knocking each other down. Silence is restored by the first few 'cuts and guards' of the wary belligerents—till one, generally the elder, makes a feint, and succeeds in planting his spur in the eye of his adversary. Whereupon the whole two hundred again perform the scene of the commencement, with some slight variations in the odds and their feelings. A good chicken will finish his work in three minutes, but if himself badly wounded, may peck and peck, till the other, suddenly roused, makes one tremendous



effort, and drives his two spurs through the neck of the assailant. Again the multitude get up to scream, and the odds come down."

This is the pastime to which the Trinidadians devote three days of the week, and which is the sole subject of their conversation and thoughts during the remaining four. Mr. Coke gives some further details, curious but rather disgusting, concerning the proceedings of the cocks' bottleholders, their manner of reviving their birds and bringing them again up to the scratch after heavy punishment. Instead of dwelling on these, we jump at once from Cuba to St. Louis, and find him and his two companions preparing for the journey across the plains. Their preparations were made upon a most extravagant scale, "money being no great object," and one at least of their number being bent upon doing the thing comfortably. They were no needy gold-seekers, or emigrants to whom economy was indispensable; they were going to Oregon and California certainly, and *via* the Rocky Mountains too; but then it was a journey of amusement, not of necessity, and why should they make a toil of a pleasure? Accordingly, these three Englishmen and their attendants (Americans and Frenchmen belonging to St. Louis) started with nine mules, eight horses, two waggons, and about four thousand pounds' weight of baggage (!), the latter comprising luxuries and superfluities innumerable. Camp stools and carving-knives were voted indispensables in the prairies. One gentleman took a store of white kid gloves, and, it is believed—although this his companion declines positively to affirm—of patent leather boots; chocolate in bulk, and ginger beer in bottle, were also included in the heterogeneous stores of this epicurean caravan. After expending about two hundred pounds a-piece in their outfit, 'more than double the usual outlay of emigrants,' they got off. They did not get far, at least with all that plunder. Indeed it is surprising how very 'green' the gentlemen seem to have been. The books alone, which at least one of them had read, might have taught them the folly of going out into the howling wilderness with such a load of lumber. Ginger pop and kid gloves they had been mindful to carry with them, and also the pills of Brandreth, the Morison of America; but such trifles as ropes, picket pins, extra straps, and harness, had been somehow overlooked. So, after leaving the town of St. Joseph and the river Missouri two days' march in their rear, two of the party had to ride back to supply the deficiencies. During their absence the heaviest of the waggons stuck fast, the wheels on one side in the mud to the axles. Mr. Coke was obliged to have it partially unloaded in order to extricate it. But next day it got fixed again, being, in fact, twice as heavy as it ought to have been. Jimmy, *valet de chambre* to the owner of the varnished boots, was sent back to Savannah with 150 pounds of flour; 100 pounds of lead and 100 of sugar were sold to a farmer. Thus lightened, they got on better, but still calculated they must consume a deal of their salt pork before the waggons were light enough to travel fast. The unlucky vehicles were not fated to go far. A wheel a day was the average breakage. This was too bad to last. They got rid of their waggons, sent back a number of their attendants, and packed their baggage on mules. Here is a specimen of their progress under this new arrangement:—

"August 1st.—Brought all the animals down,

tied them up and packed them. If ever there were other vicious mules in the world, they must have been amiability itself compared with ours. They rolled, they kicked, they plunged, they screamed, they bit, as though we had been submitting them to the torments of the damned. Taking six men to each mule, we finally lashed the packs on them so tight as almost to cut them in two. The moment their heads were loosed, away they went into the river, over the hills, and across the country as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. Oh! it was a pretty sight! The flour and biscuit stuff swimming about in the river, the hams in a ditch full of mud, the new set of pots and pans bumping and rattling on the ground until there was not a morsel of shape left in one of them. And the pack-saddles, which have delayed us a week to get made, broken and smashed to splinters. In this severe trial, old Chatillion turns out perfectly useless, and is discharged accordingly."

Who would not go a-pleasuring to the Rocky Mountains! This sort of thing happened not once in a way, but regularly every day. When the vicious beasts did not kick off their loads, and particularly smash the provender, they made themselves disagreeable in other ways, bit their masters, or strayed from the bivouac, and were recovered only at the cost of great labour and loss of time. These constant annoyances at last worked up the travellers into a state of savage irritation against their stubborn and impracticable companions:—

"The Camanche mule occupied us two hours in packing, and was severely punished in consequence. Some one put Cayenne pepper into its eyes to blind it for the time being, and afterwards pushed it into the river. This kind of treatment appears unnecessarily cruel, but no one who has not dealt with mules can form any idea of their provoking nature, or judge of the benefit to be derived from hard blows. It is said that the Mexican Indians beat their young mules about the head before they use them, in order to give them a proper degree of deference for their masters, and to prevent them from being easily captured by strangers. However this may be, they appear to have an instinctive spite against the human race, and answer any attempt to touch their heads with the wildest and most passionate resentment."

The barbarity of peppering the mule's eyes was only to be equalled by the folly of the proceeding, when the intention was to make the brute quiet. Severe and deliberate thrashing, sometimes resorted to, was more excusable and successful. The countless disagreeables endured by the travellers were occasionally varied by serious dangers. In Snake River, an American hunter, who accompanied Mr. Coke, was unfortunately drowned, and Mr. Coke narrowly escaped the same fate. Encounters with hostile Indians they had none, although they heard of them near at hand. Wolves were plentiful, but not daring, and gave little trouble. On one occasion they devoured a pony, and, on another, set the whole of the animals scampering in the middle of the night, but our travellers were pretty good shots with the rifle, and upon the whole the wolves had much the worst of it. As may be supposed, not a few odd characters were met with in the course of this long journey through a wild region. Whilst trout-fishing in Green River, some nine hundred miles from Oregon, Mr. Coke ran against a couple of trappers, the first he had seen—one of them a tall wiry Yankee, the other a half-breed, part French, part Indian. They had been twelve years in the mountains, trapping, and trading with the emigrants in horses and cattle:—

"They asked me if I had met with any Indians. I told them that I had not seen any for some time, and did not think there were any near the road. So little were we afraid of them that we never picketed our horses at night, never kept watch, or troubled ourselves the least about them. The trappers were amazed at my *nonchalance*, and said we had had a narrow escape. The Crows had been hovering about us all the time we were passing through their country, 'and if they'd ha' know'd of you,' said the Yankee, 'by G— they'd ha' catch'd yer, and set you all plum a-foot. They wouldn't ha' done naethen' else, by G—.' I told them I should go through as I had come, and trust to Providence for luck, which, after all, everything depended upon. They shrugged their shoulders, and said something about my doing as 'I d—n pleased;' but 'Injians was Injians, and they know'd it if I didn't.' With which philosophical remark we parted."

The trappers had their lodges near at hand, with Indian wives and a troop of little half-breed children. They were scarcely more civilised than the Sioux whom Mr. Coke fell in with at Ash Point, a trading post eighteen miles from Fort Larimie, where he paused for a day, and where, whilst reposing in the traders' lodges, he observed the proceedings of a squaw and her child preparing for a dog-feast:—

"A young puppy that had been playing with the child was seized by the woman, and received from her half a dozen sharp blows on the throat with a piece of wood about to be used for firing. The puppy was then returned, kicking, to the tender mercies of the infant, who exerted its little might to add to the miseries of the beast, while the mother prepared the fire and a small kettle for the purpose of cooking. The puppy, still much more alive than dead, was then taken by the hind legs and held over the flames, till the woman's fingers could bear the heat no longer. She then let it fall on the fire, where it struggled and squeaked most piteously, and would have succeeded in delaying its end, but that the little savage took care to provide for the security of his late playmate, by replacing him in the flames, till life was extinguished and the hair satisfactorily burnt off."

Travellers see strange things, especially travellers across the Rocky Mountains. At the upper ferry on the river Platte, Mr. Coke and his party missed only by a few weeks seeing a stranger thing than any we have recorded, namely, a man on his way to California, "with no conveyance but his legs, and no baggage but what he wheeled in a barrow." They were told that "he overtook all who travelled with horses or oxen, and that, as long as his health lasted, he could walk five-and-twenty miles a day." To California with a wheelbarrow, is surely the very *ne plus ultra* of independence. The pedestrian wanderer across Europe, with his wardrobe in his knapsack, the roving *lanzknecht* with his whole worldly goods in the valise upon his saddle, fail to convey to our mind an idea of such perfect confidence and self-dependence as was evinced by this sturdy Yankee, trundling his 'possibles' in a barrow from the States to the Pacific. What a practical satire upon the kid-gloved Englishman, with his camp-stools and ginger-beer, and ten hundredweight of luggage. How the barrowman contrived to get his one-wheeled carriage across the deep fords and rapid streams "the little dog forgot to mention." Swimming was occasionally necessary, and he could hardly swim with his barrow on his shoulders. Mr. Coke was sometimes put to odd contrivances to cross rivers. After a narrow escape from drowning he fell in with some Indians. They had no canoe, but constructed a raft in the following primitive fashion:—



"Three large bundles of rushes, such as are used for chair bottoms, were lashed together, and stakes poked through to secure them. A tow-line was made fast, the raft was launched, and I was invited to embark. A young Indian took his place by my side, with a long pole in his hand, to steer our frail bark. Three others swam behind to push, and the old man, taking the tow-rope between his teeth, tugged away with a vigour that astonished me. All the time we were crossing, the young men were shouting, diving, and playing tricks, with as much ease and delight as if water had been their natural element. I rather wished at the time that it had been mine, for the top of the raft was already half a foot beneath the surface of the water, and the tricks of my amphibious friends threatened very soon to send it to the bottom."

A little compression might advantageously have been applied to Mr. Coke's journal before it was committed to the printer's hands. And he would have done well to omit the dedication, or at least to limit it to the customary brief form. As it stands, it is nonsensical. "The many trifling incidents," he says, "which I have, perhaps, too often recorded, must, I am aware, be uninteresting to the general reader; yet, nevertheless, may claim the attention of a brother, and even contribute to his amusement." It was, we presume, with views beyond the Earl of Leicester's amusement that Mr. Bentley printed an edition of this 'Ride.' And Mr. Coke would have been wise, considering that the public, who are expected to pay, have a right to be more fastidious than friends, to expunge such parts as he conscientiously believed to be interesting only to a brother. We attach no importance, however, to this rather silly dedication, which we set down to the score of a little affectation and mock-modesty, pardonable in a young man and still younger author. The fact is, that the incidents of the book, even the trifling ones, are its best part; its worst passages are those in which Mr. Coke has wandered from the main subject, from the plain narrative of his actual adventures, to indulge reflections or attempt humour. His real journal, written on the road, amidst hardships, and under very unfavourable circumstances, is manly and interesting; those small portions of the volume which appear to have been composed when "at home at ease," or at least with greater leisure and with less to say, are insipid and feeble. The earlier pages disposed us to dislike the book. Such passages, for instance, as the following cabin sketch on board the West India steamer that conveyed the author from Southampton to Jamaica, did not, at first starting, give us a very exalted opinion of his good taste:—

"I get up at seven o'clock, and find early rising suits me very well; the fact is, I could not sleep much longer if I would, having two neighbours in the next cabin who turn out about the same time. One of them always wakes with a fit of yawning at daylight, and goes off with 'Oh! oh! Ah dear! Oh! oh!' till one fancies that he has dislocated his jaws. As the steward is called on all emergencies to remove all portable nuisances, I think of vociferating for him some morning to take away that *big yawn*: then perhaps my friend will take the hint. As for the other man, he makes such strange noises when he cleans his teeth, *hawking with such violence*, that I have once or twice been on the point of rushing in to see whether he had not *swallowed his tooth-brush*. Upon the whole he is the worst of the two, for the other is good enough when asleep; but this fellow snores in so painful a manner, that if I had not peeped at him one night through the panel, I should have felt sure that he had gone to bed with his nose in a pocket-vice."

The elaborate attempts to be funny, which we have indicated by italics, are quite painful. And, without over-squeamishness, we venture to think some of these *détails intimes* rather coarse to have found a place in this handsome octavo by an honourable author. It were unfair, however, to insist overmuch upon these defects, which are not of frequent occurrence in the volume. When Mr. Coke has really something to tell, he puts away flippancy and facetiousness, and writes in a graphic and animated style. We have read his book with very considerable amusement, and our verdict upon it, as a whole, is decidedly favourable.

#### *The Natural History of Ireland. Birds.*

By William Thompson, President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast. Reeve and Benham.

THE naturalists of the British islands are honourably distinguished for the perseverance and skill with which they have worked out the zoology and botany of their native country. Their diligence and patriotism have been rewarded by numerous discoveries, and their works, even though devoted to local monographs, hold a high authority on the continent, and are carefully consulted wherever natural history is pursued. Among the most earnest and indefatigable is the eminent author of these volumes, whose exertions have chiefly been directed to the elucidation of the zoology of Ireland. He has been the spokesman, as it were, of a band of zealous and highly-accomplished observers. Every frequenter of the meetings of the British Association must have remarked the number of Irish *savans* who take an active and eloquent part in the business of the natural history section. They come yearly with a store of fresh observations, and communicate their newly-gathered knowledge clearly and popularly, often vividly, yet never lose sight of the dignity of science. Mr. Thompson is adjutant of this Hibernian cohort, which numbers on its roll the names of R. and J. Ball, Ogilby, Harvey, M'Coy, Halliday, Allman, Patterson, and others of equal industry, if of lesser fame. Their ranks have been of late years swelled by the addition of several distinguished investigators, who, though not Irishmen by birth, have become naturalized in Ireland, through their election to professorships and similar scientific offices. In the sister isle there are no fewer than ten chairs of Natural History (including Geology) of university or government foundation, and every one of them can, we believe, boast of having its share of students, which is more than can be said of similar appointments in English universities.

The geographical position of Ireland, as an isolated outpost of Europe, renders that country a region of great interest to all who study the distribution of animals and plants. This is especially the case with birds, and warrants the prominent position assigned to this beautiful class in the work of which the volumes before us form a part, at the same time being complete in themselves. The furthest resort, within the latitude and longitude, of the European birds not found in the western hemisphere, is Ireland, which, too, is frequently the first European land where North American species, after having crossed the Atlantic, alight. Full and careful observations and records of Irish ornithology therefore acquire peculiar value, and in this work they have found an able

chronicler in Mr. Thompson, who has, at the same time, so enlivened his narrative by interesting notes on the habits of the feathered creatures who have had the good fortune to come within his range, that instead of a dry register of facts, we are presented with a charming history, written much in the spirit of Gilbert White's 'Selborne.' As evidence of the justness of our praise, we may quote the following amusing original anecdotes of a popular favourite, whose dauntless courage has gained him more credit for gentleness than his conduct among his brothers and sisters deserves:—

"Well known as is the *pugnacity* of robins, one or two instances may be given. Their being so wholly absorbed during combat as to be regardless of all else, was ludicrously evinced at Springvale, by a pair fighting from the air downwards to the earth, until they disappeared in a man's hat, that happened to be lying on the ground, and in which they were both captured. On one occasion two of these birds caught fighting in a yard in Belfast were kept all night in separate cages. One was given its liberty early in the morning, and the other being tamer—possibly from having been the better beaten of the two—was kept with the intention of being permanently retained. So unhappy, however, did the prisoner look, that it too was set at liberty in the yard, which was believed to be its chosen domicile. The other came a second time, and attacked it, when my informant, who was present, hastened to the rescue, and the wilder bird flew away. The tamer one was again caught, and brought into the house for safety. The intruder was now driven out of the premises, and in the evening, when it was expected that he was in a different locality, the other bird was turned out; its wicked and pertinacious antagonist, however, still lay in wait, a third time attacked, and then killed it:—the tame bird, though the inferior of the other in strength, always 'joined issue' with it, and fought to the best of its poor ability. Some years ago, at Merville (co. Antrim), a robin kept possession of the green-house, and killed every intruder of its own species, amounting to about two dozen, that entered the house. This had been so frequently done, that my informant became curious to know the means resorted to for the purpose; and on examination of two or three of the victims, he found a deep wound in the neck of each, evidently made by the bill of the slayer. The lady of the house, hearing of the bird's cruelty, had the sharp point of its beak cut off, and no more of its brethren were afterwards slaughtered; but it did not itself long survive this slight mutilation. The following came under my own observation at Wolf-hill:—two robins fighting most wickedly in the air alighted to take breath;—having recovered a little, and approached within a foot of each other ready to recommence the charge, a duck that had witnessed the combat quickly waddled up, and in the most gentle and pacific manner shoved with its bill the one to the right and the other to the left, thus evidently separating them to prevent a renewal of the conflict. Having alluded to their evil propensities, the following note must be introduced. Mr. Poole having a slate-trap once set for birds, saw, on going up to it, a robin perched outside. On opening the trap, one of these birds was found within. It was carried off, and the other with amiable intent followed the captor of its companion (as it was presumed) even into the house."

In the account of the falcon tribe there is a curious notice respecting the moor buzzard. A bird of this kind, in the possession of Dr. Robert Ball, lost a leg by accident. Its ingenious proprietor supplied it with a wooden one, and turned it out like a Chelsea pensioner. "The dexterity it acquired with this stump, both in walking and killing rats, was astonishing. When a rat was turned out, the bird pounced at it, and never failed to pin the animal's head to the ground with the stump, while a few grasps of the sound limb soon



terminated the struggle." The same gentleman bears strong testimony in favour of the sagacity of the raven. When he was a boy at school, setting bird-traps, a tame raven used to observe the operation attentively, and when a bird was taken, endeavoured to catch it by turning up the trap. In doing so, however, the prisoner always escaped, for the ingenious marauder could not let go the trap in time to seize his prey. Experience and repeated defeats induced him to call in an assistant, in the shape of another tame raven, who seized the captive, whilst its companion lifted the trap. One of these courageous and sagacious birds lived for fifteen years in the yard of the principal inn at Antrim, and acquired a widespread military reputation through its encounters with gamecocks, brought there to match it, but soon forced to hide their literally diminished heads, for the raven avoided the blows of its adversary, acted on the defensive until it could seize the enemy's head, which it instantly crushed in its powerful beak, and so put an end to the career of the professional warrior. There is a new anecdote of the cunning of this king among crows:—

"It was a common practice in a spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn for sparrows, and to shoot them from a window, which was only so far open as to afford room for the muzzle of the gun; neither the instrument of destruction, nor the shooter being visible from the outside. A tame raven, which was a nestling when brought to the yard, and probably had never seen a shot fired, afforded evidence that it understood the whole affair. When any one appeared carrying a gun across the yard towards the house from which the sparrows were fired at, the raven exhibited the utmost alarm, by hurrying off with all possible speed, but in a ludicrously awkward gait, to hide itself, screaming loudly all the while. Though alarmed for its own safety, this bird always concealed itself near to, and within view of the field of action; the shot was hardly fired, when it dashed out from its retreat, and seizing one of the dead or wounded sparrows, hurried back to its hiding-place. I have repeatedly witnessed the whole scene. The raven's portion of the sparrows was as duly exacted, as the tithe of the quails killed during their migration at Capri, in the bay of Naples, is said to be by the bishop of that island."

There are not a few instances recorded of recollection of benefits received by birds that have once been in captivity. The following, however, is novel, and very pleasing:—

"Mr. R. Warren, jun., of Castle Warren (county Cork), supplied me, in March, 1850, with the following note on a herring-gull. 'In July, 1848, I brought it and two others from the Reannies when quite young and unable to fly. As this was the finest bird of the three, I never clipped its wings, but kept it in the farmyard with the others and the poultry, where it remained quite contented, and showed no symptoms of a wish to fly away until the 19th of August, 1849, when a flight was taken into one of the neighbouring fields. It remained until the evening there, and then flew towards the sea, but returned next morning to be fed. This bird continued to go and come regularly for about a week, when it disappeared altogether, and I was afraid had met with some accident; but on the 14th of December, I was agreeably surprised by seeing it flying over the yard, and on my calling Jack, to which name the bird answers, it alighted on the roof of one of the out-houses and began crying for food. I threw it a bit of meat, which was instantly swallowed, and then it flew away. Next morning it came back, and on seeing my other gulls in the yard, alighted with them, and remained until dusk, when it went off to roost somewhere. It continued to act thus until the 23rd of the same month, when it took flight, and did not return until the 4th of January, but has

continued its visits pretty regularly since. During the night it never remains, but flies off in the evening towards the sea. This bird is very tame, and will take a bit of meat or bread from my hand. It shows great adroitness in seizing food on the wing, and I sometimes amuse myself by obliging it to do so, for on throwing a bit of bread into the air, the gull flies up, and always catches it before reaching the ground.'"

Mr. Thompson's volumes are treasuries of anecdotes about bird-life, not compiled or gathered from printed books, but fresh and hitherto unpublished. These rest, too, on much better authority than a great many stories that are current, for they have been tested and warranted true by one who bears the deserved reputation of being a most able and accomplished ornithologist. We hope the author will sooner or later send forth similar works on other departments of the natural history of Ireland. His reports, called for by the British Association, and numerous well-known original memoirs contained in our leading scientific periodicals, are evidences of the great mass of new matter accumulated by him during his laborious yet delightful researches. He is no mere book or cabinet naturalist, but one whose work has been done in the field, whilst at the same time he has fully consulted the treasures of museums, and done ample justice to all who had written upon similar subjects before him.

*Jacob Bendixen, the Jew. Adapted from the Danish of Goldschmidt. By Mary Howitt. In three volumes. Colburn and Co.*

FEW probably of our readers are acquainted with the interior of a Jewish household; yet the domestic life of a people differing so widely from ourselves in customs and manners, and round whom there hangs, from time immemorial, a strange mysterious interest, cannot be a matter of indifference. There is something, therefore, at once attractive in a work of which the hero and principal characters are Jews, and which professes to give an insight into the peculiarities of this isolated and sorrow-stricken nation. Through the medium of a pathetic tale, Mrs. Howitt has introduced us to many curious and highly interesting details of the religious observances as well as of the daily life of the Jews. Although dwelling in great numbers in our towns and cities, they are too widely separated from us by the peculiarities of their race, for an intimate knowledge of their present forms and mode of worship to be at all generally acquired, and we gladly hail the fresh information afforded by these volumes. They are translated from the Danish by Mrs. Howitt, written by a Jew, and may, we believe, be depended on for accurate and faithful description.

The tale opens with the birth of Jacob Bendixen, and it is in following his career that the customs of his people are gradually unfolded to us. The customs are more interesting than the narrative, and it is a slight sketch of some of the most conspicuous that we would lay before our readers. It is not until a Jewish child attains his thirteenth year that he is received into the community of men. He is then admitted with great ceremony, and receives the Thallis, or woollen garment, composed of a piece of the finest cloth, embroidered all round and at the corners with scarlet, with a broad edging of gold. On the occasion of Jacob's entry, after this preliminary,—

"The precentor received the law, and laid it,

amid general silence, on the reading-desk. He opened it at the place where the reading for the day should begin, extended his silver staff, and said, 'Stand forward, Mr. Jacob, son of Mr. Philip, a Levite.' The father whispered a blessing, but made no attempt to conduct his son forward, for freely and independently must the youth make the appointed vows. With still more anxiety than he felt when, somewhat later, he made his examination, Jacob passed with a pale face and trembling knees through the thick crowd of Jews, and mounted the steps. He touched, as he had been carefully instructed to do, the book of the law with the Tsitsis, (embroidered corners of his Thallis,) kissed them, then repeated, in a peculiarly singing tone, which belongs to the formula of benediction, 'Blessed be thou, O God! ruler of the world! who hast blessed us above all other people, and hast given to us the law.' Having said these words, he proceeded to read, in an artificial rhythmical manner, that particular verse of the law which chance had appointed for him, whilst stern and merciless judges stood round, and listened for the slightest mistake that by any possibility he might make. The Jews believe that if there is any good thing promised in the verse which is read on this day, it is a prophecy for their future lives; if there is anything evil, they regard it as a pure accident."

The preparations for the celebration of Pesach (Easter) are most minute. The cask containing the unleavened bread is carefully conveyed to a distant part of the house, that it may run no risk of coming in contact with anything unclean; all the glass in ordinary use is laid aside for three days; all copper and iron vessels purified with fire; the whole house cleansed, and all utensils of wood and porcelain, which cannot therefore be wholly purified, are put away, and those duly cleansed taken from the closet where they have reposed unsullied for the previous twelve months. Towards evening, when first the stars appear in the heaven, the head of the family proceeds with a quill and a wooden bowl to clear away all scraps and refuse, that he may assure himself of the perfect cleanliness of the whole house, repeating, the while, prayers in an under tone. The day immediately before the Feast of the Passover is spent in solemn preparation. Until a child reaches the age of thirteen, the father fasts in his name, in remembrance of the preservation of the Jewish children, when the first-born of the Egyptians were slain; nor are the other members of the family allowed to taste leavened bread, or even that which is unleavened, before they are consecrated, which cannot be till starlight. The following is the account of the celebration of this ancient festival in the house of Jacob's parents:—

"All now went into the saloon, where the table of the passover was spread, and was blazing with light. An elevated seat, well supplied with cushions, was prepared for the master of the house. On the table stood the basket of unleavened bread, covered with a brilliantly white napkin, a large dish of Matzaus, a knuckle of lamb, cooked with sweet and bitter herbs, and for each person was placed a bottle of the sweet raisin wine. The father took his place of honour, wearing a white robe, that garment of fine linen which the bride presents to the bridegroom on their wedding-day, and which, besides the Feast of the Passover, he only wears at Yohmkipur, or the great Feast of Reconciliation, and when he is laid in his coffin. After a fervent thanksgiving to the Lord, who established the Feast of the Passover, the bread, wine, and herbs are blessed. Two large pieces of Passover bread are laid upon the seat of honour, to be afterwards divided among the persons present, as amulets against danger by sea or land. After this the Hagoden, the book of the captivity in Egypt, and of the Exodus, was read aloud by the father to the little devout community. At the



enumeration of the plagues in Egypt, the hearers all dipped their little fingers in the wine, and let fall a drop on the floor for each of the plagues.

"When he came to that portion which describes the deliverance, he paused and made a sign to Benjamin, who, amid deep silence, arose and opened all the doors in the house. This done, the father poured out a glass of wine, and broke a piece of unleavened bread, both of which he placed beside him, as if expecting another guest. Benjamin having returned and taken his seat, they all suddenly and with one voice uttered a fervent prayer, that God would send deliverance and happiness to all people who at this moment opened their doors to receive his mercy. All sat bowed over their books, and without lifting their eyes, that they might not behold that which at this moment was supposed to enter through the doors. When the prayer was ended, the doors were again locked, and the wine and bread placed upon an adjoining table, where it remained all night, in order that the house might be prepared to receive with hospitality Eilio Novi—the prophet Elias, the Messiah of the Jews. The house being now filled with mercy, and sanctified to receive the messenger of God, the father cast a glance of joy over the assembled family, and stretching forth his hand, gave the time of the great hymn of the Jews, which all present joined in singing, and the chorus of which is as follows:—

"Great is God: he will quickly build his temple!

Let it be quickly!

Let it be quickly!

In our days let it be builded!

Erect thy house!

Erect thy house!

Build the temple in our days!

He is chosen! he is great! he is a host! he is mighty!"

and so on, this enumeration of attributes being continued through the whole alphabet. The joy inspired by this hymn increased and became almost wild. They sang in Danish, German, and Hebrew all at once. Every one gave the loftiest and most endearing names to God—

"Sweet God! Great God! Blessed God! God of Prayer!  
Mighty God!"

Louder and louder grew the song, the elders sang with tears in their eyes, the child kept time on the table, and wept for joy till the tears trickled down his cheeks."

The meal is soon ended; for this evening, in opposition to all other festivals, the most sparing and simple food is taken, in memory of that final meal eaten in haste and anxiety by their ancestors in the land of Egypt.

The Jews always celebrate their festivals twice. They reckon their calendar from the creation of the world, and as they conceive that no one can say with certainty within one or two days when the world actually was made, they hold two days as holy, lest they should neglect the right one.

On the Yohmkipur, or Great Day of Reconciliation, the whole congregation are attired in their white linen shrouds; the elders stand up before the Book of the Law, to exculpate the assembly "before the judgment-seat of the higher and the lower regions, in the name of God and in the name of the community," in case any unrepentant sinner should be present. The Thallis is consecrated, and the whole congregation veil themselves. Then the priest reads aloud the vow, and all throw themselves on their knees, calling upon the name of the dead, and wishing them a blessed repose. Holy water is brought by the Levites, and when all have sprinkled themselves, the horn is blown, and enemy offers his hand to enemy in token of perfect forgiveness. It is even believed that on this day those who have died in enmity extend their hands to each other, and pronounce "Scholaum," or "Peace." It is to be feared there is more form than feeling in this impressive ceremony, as it is recorded that, for the most part, the

truce is but for a day, and the old disunion breaks out afresh on the morrow. We are told, in a note, that on all the great feast days Satan presents himself as an accuser before the throne of God, and that a horn is therefore blown in the synagogue, of which every tone becomes an angel to defend the congregation.

The Jews have many strange traditions with regard to the dealings of God with their ancestors. Moses, they say, even as a child was an object of terror to Pharaoh, who foresaw in him the deliverer of the people he was oppressing. He was warned against him by a dream, and meditated his murder, but first assembling the interpreters, he took counsel with them. They advised him to have two dishes brought in, the one filled with gold and the other with live coals. "If," said they, "the child snatches at the gold, it is a bad sign, and he must die; but if he snatches at the fire, then is he harmless, and the dream betokens nothing." The trial was made. Moses was about to stretch out his hand to the gold, but the angel of God arrested it, and directed it to the fire. The boy took up a glowing coal, and when it burned his tender finger, he put it into his mouth, and thence it happens that Moses was never a good speaker. The name of Haman is regarded with peculiar aversion, in revenge for his cruel wish to have all the Jews murdered in one night. This aversion is shown by the practice of striking the name every time it occurs in the reading of the book of Esther; it is done by pulling a string, which causes a hammer to fall upon the word, and thus to express their detestation.

The religious worship of the Jews is conducted by the people themselves. The knowledge of the law and ceremonies is not the monopoly of one class, for—sacrifices having ceased since the fall of Jerusalem—the priests have nothing to do with ceremonial observances, and might be wholly dispensed with. The prayers are read by one of the congregation, or by a hired precentor. Great pomp and form are gone through at the taking out of the Book of the Law, which is kept in the Holy Tabernacle. One person, bowing profoundly, removes it from its resting-place, and delivers it to the precentor. Another raises and extends it towards the congregation, with the words, "The Law of Moses is truth."—words repeated by all present. A third person closes and wraps it in the mappo—a piece of cloth resembling the swaddling-band of an infant—and afterwards encloses it in an outer covering of velvet or silk, with silver ornaments. Every one who touches it kisses it before he gives it up, kissing also that part of his fingers which has touched it, and thereby been made holy. These various duties are purchased by auction in the synagogue itself, the purchases being transferable at the will of the buyer. The produce of these sales belongs to the synagogue. Thus the temple of the Lord is still the seat of the money-changers!

Although so much of the privileges of the priesthood has departed, there is still a certain amount of mysterious reverence attached to the name. On the feast days, all the descendants of the high priests belonging to the congregation, standing on an elevated place in front of the Tabernacle, clothed from head to foot in white garments, pronounce in a peculiar tone, with strange, uniform gestures, a blessing upon the assembly. No one may venture to look upon them, as they are

supposed to represent the Godhead. This ceremony is what is called Duhrno.

We have not attempted an analysis of the tale, as the interest cannot be conveyed in an abridgment. The plot is not very intelligible, and the dialogue is weak, but there are some pleasantly-written descriptions, and some touching delineations of feeling. The childhood of the Jew hero, for instance, is admirably drawn. How the boy, isolated and sad, derided, he knew not why, by little Christian children, treated with almost mysterious kindness by parents who saw in him but another victim to the curse of their race, grew to be a marvel to himself. At one time influenced by a strong conviction of the folly of many of the Jewish superstitions and customs, his religious zeal finally resolves itself into a matter purely personal, and Jacob is friendly or averse to Christianity in proportion to the treatment he experiences at the hands of Christians. But we must not linger on this. Our readers will gather, from the book itself, the history of a heart the victim of morbid sensibility, constantly plunging into war, in spite of its own anxious longing for peace, as well as many more interesting general details which our limits forbid us to enter upon.

*Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.* By Mrs. Bray. Murray.

[Second notice.]

For producing works of great and permanent fame few painters have had less advantage than Stothard. During most of his long life he was compelled by his narrow circumstances, and the requirements of his family, to be incessantly engaged on whatever kind of professional work was offered to him. By the booksellers he was not only employed in illustrating books, but in supplying ornamental designs for pocket-books, concert-cards, bill-borders, and other mechanical work of such humble description. By the jewellers he was also much employed in furnishing designs for ornamental plate. At such work a sense of duty led him cheerfully to toil, but he often sighed for more leisure to devote to higher art.

"He used, with regret, to compare the condition of an English historical painter with one of the old Italian school. The latter, were he really skilled in painting, was certain to have ample time and opportunity afforded him to execute a great picture. Whilst it was in progress, he was supported by his Prince, or by one of the nobility, who would take him into his palace, give him spacious apartments, and cause him to be treated with all honour. He had not one worldly care to distract him, or take off his attention from his work, or to compel him to hasten over it, or to bestow on it one hour less than he desired. But the English painter, left solely to his own unassisted and precarious exertions, is often obliged to hasten through one subject to secure employment upon another for bread, and lives by the number of the works he executes, instead of by their individual excellence as works of art."

It is stated that Stothard's designs were upwards of ten thousand. In the print-room of the British Museum nearly four thousand engravings after his works are collected. The wonder, therefore, is, that an artist so occupied has produced so many fine pieces; although, till this is mentioned, one might have expected more first-class pictures from a painter of such skill and genius. He had little time for studying or for finishing



his works as he felt he might and could have done, with greater leisure.

For the Exhibition of the Royal Academy he never prepared, and in this he did himself injustice, as his merit might have been thus earlier and wider known. His custom was to take at the time any picture for which he happened to have a frame that would fit, and send it to Somerset House. Although advised by his friends, he would not paint, he said, to please the popular eye, or 'up to the Exhibition tone,' as too often is done on these occasions. He could hardly be induced even to take advantage of the 'varnishing days,' of which the members of the Academy have the privilege. His feelings as to using artificial means for producing effect were somewhat over-sensitive.

The Wellington Shield was the work in which the genius and art of Stothard were most remarkably displayed. This testimonial was subscribed for by the bankers and merchants of London, the competition being made open to the silversmiths, whose designs were to be approved by the Committee. Stothard was applied to by every house which competed. He gave the preference to Ward and Green, who were till then strangers to him. He had only three weeks to the day fixed for receiving the designs. The first thing he did was to read and make extracts from the histories and despatches of the war. The Shield of Achilles, by Flaxman, which he greatly admired, he took as the basis of his design, and imitated it in planning a series of compartments with separate subjects. Commencing with the battle of Assaye, he depicted scenes from all the great victories of the European war. In the centre, the Duke is represented on horseback, surrounded by the chief officers of his army. The management of the horses in this group is much admired. The designs were done in sepia, and on being examined by the committee, were selected unanimously, although some distinguished artists were among the competitors. Mrs. Bray states that Westall received from the same house, Ward and Green, 500*l.* for his unsuccessful designs. After the designs were approved, difficulty was experienced in getting the models executed, the artist employed having died before commencing the work. Stothard volunteered to prepare the models, although this was a kind of work which he had never attempted. He did not even know the usual mode of procedure, but taking a camel's hair pencil, he laid on the soft clay after his own ideas. His attempt was entirely successful, and sculptors who saw the models pronounced them admirable. He had far more difficulty when the chasing in silver began to be executed:—

"Repeatedly did he complain of the sad want of knowledge of effect, and deficiency in drawing, among chasers of silver, who ought to cultivate the art of drawing, in order to enable themselves well to execute the practical parts of their own art. He said, also, that so great was their self-conceit, that while teaching them, by instruction and criticism, accompanying his remarks with delineating what he wanted them to understand, instead of attending to him, they would turn aside their heads with the most careless indifference, so that at the last he saw the task completed in its chasing with anything but satisfaction."

This led him to resolve to make etchings of the designs, the same size as the originals. Of engraving he was also practically ignorant. In this, however, he was also successful, so much so that Heath, who accidentally heard from the copper-plate manufacturer what

Stothard was about, on seeing the plates, expressed his wonder and admiration. The engravings are now very valuable. With the designs of the shield the Duke of Wellington was highly pleased, and the reputation Stothard obtained by the work procured for him much advantageous employment.

Of contemporary artists his opinions were always candidly given, and of some of them his praise was warm and hearty. Calcott he greatly admired, and of Turner he said that "some of his pictures only wanted the mellowing effects of time to be equal to Claude."

"Of Barker, the earliest painter of the panorama, Stothard spoke in terms of highest praise. He more especially admired his views of 'Elba,' 'Athens,' and 'The Bay of Lisbon.' The effect of the evening sun, and the aerial tints in the 'Elba,' he thought truly astonishing; and never had the magnificence of ocean been so depicted as in the 'Lisbon,' the action of the waves which surrounded the spectator, who was supposed to be on ship-board, was wonderful; and of 'Athens' there could not be made a finer picture. He deemed it a national loss that these efforts of the genius of Barker were not preserved by the country."

In such style of painting there has since been much advancement, but this notice of Barker's first panoramas is interesting. Stothard went to see Martin's picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast' when all the town were admiring it:—

"He praised the conception of it as a whole, and especially the grandeur conveyed by the supernatural light from the writing on the wall, making pale and dim all the earthly lights, even the fires kindled to Moloch in the sacrifice. Yet, whilst doing the fullest justice to the genius of Martin, he soon turned away from the picture, with the remark 'the bad drawing of the figures hurts my eye; it is so disagreeable.'"

His own drawing was rarely at fault, so carefully had he schooled himself in early life to correctness of outline. The necessity of this he never lost an opportunity of impressing upon others; and indeed in his zealous insisting on this element of high art, he at times spoke too lightly of other points essential to success in painting. Certainly, as to the works of Flaxman among British sculptors, so to those of Stothard among painters, the epithet 'classical' is peculiarly appropriate.

By sculptors Stothard was sometimes applied to for designs, and in the conception of some of our most celebrated pieces in England he had a share. The two of most note are 'Garrick's Monument,' in Westminster Abbey, and 'The Sleeping Children of Chantrey,' in Lichfield Cathedral. The history of the latter design has been made the subject of not a little discussion, and the true version seems to be that which Mrs. Bray here gives. The original idea, as related by Chantrey to Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, was given by the mother of the children, who spoke of "her feelings when, before she retired to bed, she used to contemplate them locked in each other's arms asleep." Chantrey repeated this to Stothard, and asked him to make a design of it. This he did, and a copy appears in Mrs. Bray's book of the original sketch in the possession of Mr. Peter Cunningham. A drawing is also given of the monument as exquisitely finished by Chantrey, to which we have recently alluded in noticing the memoir of his life, (*ante*, p. 667, 1851.)

Of the versatility of Stothard's genius, even the few specimens of his works with which this volume is illustrated afford ample testimony. He seems equally at home in

pieces of highest sacredness or of homeliest humour. Some of his scripture scenes are in the style of the old masters. His illustrations of 'Don Quixote,' and many of those in the 'Novelist's Magazine,' are full of exquisite humour. Of his originality Mr. Leslie has given the following opinion:—

"It is scarcely possible, but that among the thousands of Stothard's productions, repetition of himself should not occur; nor that he should not occasionally have adopted ideas suggested by the antique, or by the old masters. He not seldom reminds us of Raphael, often of Rubens, and sometimes of Watteau;—but he does so as one worthy to rank with them, and as they remind us of their predecessors. Yet his works will bear the deduction of every such instance of imitation, and of every repetition of himself, and we shall be surprised to see how much of the most beautiful original imagery will remain. His designs for the 'Novelist's Library' remind us of no other painter."

In the appendix a list is given of the principal works of Stothard, and their present proprietors. Of his paintings, it is to be regretted that our national collections contain so few specimens. In the Vernon Gallery there are five or six pieces, not in his best style, but sufficiently showing the classic taste of his designing and the richness of his colouring. One of his finest Sans Souci paintings of the Watteau school is that represented at p. 103, in the possession of Mr. Windus, of Tottenham Green. Nothing can surpass the exquisite grace and delicacy of the central figure in white. Of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' he painted three copies, one of which, in small size, is in the possession of Samuel Rogers the poet, who was one of Stothard's earliest and warmest friends and admirers. The original copy, that which was sold by Cromek to Mr. Hart Davis, is at Leigh Court, Mr. Miles's, not,—as was stated last week, in the Boddington Gallery, which has a repetition of it.

Of the excellent spirit in which Mrs. Bray has written the memoir, and her affectionate enthusiasm for the subject of it, we have already spoken with satisfaction. Her style is sometimes open to criticism, and there are one or two passages which we would counsel her to expunge or alter if another edition is called for. After describing Stothard's character as a pious and devout man, she refers in a strain of apology to his outward form of religion, and the place where he was accustomed to worship. This is done in bad taste, and similar offences we note through the volume. Speaking of his wife, she tells us she was "an anabaptist; and her father, a man of good fortune, was so infatuated by a fondness for all sorts of dissenting ministers, that he opened his house rather too liberally, and spent his money rather too freely on gentlemen of that description." And again, in speaking of the 'Wellington Shield,' she regrets that its material is silver instead of bronze, because in times of future civil trouble it may be consigned to the melting-pot by the multitude, as befell the head of Henry the Fifth, "which became the prey of the godly, who tore it from his tomb in the Abbey of Westminster, when the iron rule of Cromwell had usurped that of a crowned king." As if royalist or republican principles had to do with such robbery! Deprecating the introduction of sectarian spirit into the history of art, we are compelled to notice such passages with censure. Writing from an English vicarage, Mrs. Bray should have been the more careful to avoid such blemishes, which would have grieved none more than

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the amiable and generous subject of her memoir.

With this exception we have perused Mrs. Bray's volume with lively pleasure. Her memoir is a worthy monument to the memory of one whom we are made equally to respect as a man and to admire as an artist.

*The English in America.* By the Author of 'Sam Slick.' Colburn and Co.

*Talvi's History of the Colonization of America.* Edited by William Hazlitt, Esq. Newby.

If any of our readers, attracted by the title of Judge Halliburton's new work, which we have inadvertently long neglected to notice, take it up in the expectation of finding a racy and humorous satire à la Slick, they will be grievously disappointed. Our old friend Sam has thrown overboard all his wit and humour, and come out as a serious and, we are sorry to add, somewhat prosy politician. He has become immeasurably less amusing, and has not made amends by supplying us with much solid information. His book professes to be a history of 'English rule and misrule in America;' but its main object, as he himself more than once announces, is to inculcate upon the reader, that the success of republicanism in America by no means justifies the assumption that such a form of government is at all adapted for any European state, and more particularly for England or France—a doctrine which he expounds at some length in his concluding chapter, which seems intended to convey the sting of the work. It must therefore be regarded rather as a voluminous pamphlet, written with the view of developing a pet political theory, than as an impartial historical account of the English settlements in America. This is fatal to its literary character. It is too diffuse and too deficient in smartness for a political pamphlet, and too wanting in details for a regular history. The author himself, indeed, seems to be sensible of the defects which his plan entails upon his work; since he observes, in a passage in his second volume, that "to go at large into the investigation would be to write a history of New England; to preserve so much only as is necessary to support the theory, necessarily gives the narrative somewhat of a disjointed appearance."

Those, therefore, who are in search of an historical account of the foundation of the English settlements in America, will do better to refer to the other work which we have placed at the head of this article, and which, as it goes over much the same ground as Judge Halliburton's, we propose to notice in conjunction with it. From his preface, M. Talvi appears to be a German settled in the United States, and his history was originally written in his native tongue for the information of his own countrymen. He thus stands in the position of an unimpassioned narrator of the scenes which he describes; and it is only just to say that he has executed his task with good sense and impartiality. At the same time, we must observe, that his work does not possess any such remarkable merits as would seem to call for an English translation. There is little of importance in it but what the reader will find better told in Bancroft's 'History of the United States;' and for much he will look into it in vain. Indeed, M. Talvi's work is incomplete, or its title, at all events, a misnomer. Instead of a 'History of the Colonization of America,' it should have been called a 'History of the Coloniza-

tion of New England.' It gives no account of the settlement of Virginia and the southern states, but confines itself to those of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, and New Hampshire. What was Mr. Hazlitt's share in the book, besides the dedication to Mr. Benjamin Hawes, does not appear; but the constant designation of the notorious regicide, Hugh Peters, by the German name of Hugo, does not betray any very extensive acquaintance with the period of which the book treats.

Judge Halliburton, whose work is also chiefly occupied with the settlements in New England, relates their history with the view of showing that they were republican from the very first, and thence to educe the rather paradoxical theory that the final catastrophe, and establishment of the American Union, was, in fact, a conservative movement. This theory is developed in the 5th and 6th chapters of the 2nd book, in a comparison between the present federal constitution of the United States and those of the primitive republics of Plymouth and Massachusetts. In this view too much stress is evidently laid on the political principles of the founders of the New England states; and, with regard, at least, to the southern states, too little influence is attributed to the natural tendency towards democracy, which must necessarily spring up in societies like the British colonies in America. The paradox seems to be started for the purpose of inculcating the doctrine, that no such thing as a pure democracy can subsist anywhere, though, even in its present conservative form, most persons, we suspect, will be inclined to think that the American constitution contains a pretty strong infusion of that element. The possibility of such a thing occurring in England seems to haunt the author like a nightmare. Into this question we do not mean to enter; but of one thing we are sure, that the great mass of the English people do not at present entertain the most distant idea of turning republicans. They are perfectly well aware that, under their present happy constitution, they enjoy all the advantages of a republic, unaccompanied by many of the evils and dangers with which that form of government is beset; and, if we may judge from some passages in the history of the past remarkable year, we think we are warranted in saying that monarchy, and more particularly the monarch, were never more popular in England than at present. Judge Halliburton's notions of the people of this country are, indeed, quite of an antediluvian character. He seems to have retained in Nova Scotia the ideas current in England some quarter of a century ago, wholly unconscious that during that period a revolution in public opinion has been effected, which, in former times, might well have been the work of an age. In order that the reader may not fancy that we are exaggerating, we subjoin the following extract:—

"People living near together like the English, and inhabiting the same country, know as little of each other as if the sea rolled between them. Such are the advances of civilization, and such the effects of constitutional changes of modern times, that the country may now be said, for all practical purposes, to possess but two orders, as of old, the rich and the poor; for the middle class is nearly absorbed by one or the other of these great bodies. There is now an aristocracy of wealth among the untitled manufacturers, as well as of land among the peers, and there is a third of letters and of talent, that limits the sphere and power of both, by

raising or reducing them to its own level; while the ramifications of the lower class are extended far into the ground hitherto occupied by the middle orders."

Then, after an exaggerated picture of the feelings of the highest and lowest classes towards each other, our author thus describes the middle class:—

"There is no Atlantic to divide and keep them apart; but there is a neutral ground that lies between them, occupied by a banditti of Irish agitators, English free traders, free thinkers, demagogues, and political adventurers, that cut off all intercourse, and intercept all mutual correspondence. Their daily subsistence is derived from the credulous support of the poor; while the fertile regions of the rich afford valuable prizes to their fraudulent speculations, or their violent forays. They have impoverished both. Under the wicked pretence of cheap bread they have lowered the wages of the labourer, and, at the same time, by causing a reduction of rents, and of the value of real estate, have disabled benevolence from giving employment to the industrious poor."

We scarcely remember to have found so many absurdities and inconsistencies jumbled together as are contained in this short passage. An "advance of civilization," which, like that of the crab, consists in going backwards, since its result is to produce two orders, 'as of old,' the rich and the poor; an 'aristocracy of letters,'—we wish we knew its 'whereabouts,'—that reduces peers and patentees to its own level, and possesses the extraordinary power of limiting the sphere of both; a lower class, occupying the ground of the middle class, yet still remaining a lower class; a middle class, consisting of 'banditti,' comprising all 'free-traders,' or nine-tenths of the nation, and living only by deluding the poor and robbing the rich, and who, to wind up all, have effected all this mischief by making bread cheap—surely, it would take 'a great deal of cypherin,' as our old friend the clock-maker used to say, to reconcile all these 'notions.'

This much we have felt ourselves called upon to state, in order to show the character of Judge Halliburton's work; but into the political questions broached in it, it is not our province, as literary reviewers, to enter, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to the history of the American settlements.

The sources of the mightiest rivers are not larger or more imposing than those of the most insignificant streams; and in like manner the beginnings of the greatest nations appear small and contemptible to those accustomed to survey them in all the strength and majesty of their subsequent development. Those whose origin lay in times of remote and illiterate barbarism, and was therefore capable of concealment, attempted to throw a veil over this defect by the graceful and splendid fictions of poetry; but in American history this is impossible. Its steps may be traced from the very beginning; the names of its plebeian heroes are all known; and the origin of its now powerful states can be traced to no higher source than the speculations of a few merchant adventurers, or the whimsical and obstinate consciences of a handful of fanatics. Thus the early history of the American colonies is necessarily, in some degree, prosaic. Yet it was not wanting in men who, had they lived in remoter times, and found an Herodotus or a Livy for their historian, might easily have been magnified into heroes. Such were John Smith, John Winthrop, Roger Williams, and others. Our readers are doubtless acquainted with



many John Smiths; yet the bearer of this plebeian patronymic went through more surprising adventures than many a hero of romance.

The stock of the present American nation, or at all events, the spirit that leavened the whole mass, must, according to Judge Halliburton, be sought in the Brownists, or Pilgrim Fathers, who early in the seventeenth century colonized Plymouth; and in the self-expatriated puritans, who shortly afterwards founded the more important State of Massachusetts. Virginia was, indeed, an earlier settlement; but this had more the character of a mere plantation, conducted solely with a view to commerce and the more material wants of life, by bankrupt traders and profligate cavaliers, who had ruined themselves by their extravagance. A colony thus constituted did not thrive so well as those which had been founded by men who had gone out 'for matters of opinion.' Several times we find Virginia on the brink of ruin. But the New England States, though compelled to struggle with far greater natural disadvantages, an inhospitable climate and a barren soil, went on steadily increasing.

The settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers was conducted by a singular character, a soldier, who did not himself belong to the sect of the Brownists, but who accompanied them from Holland to America, as a kind of amateur settler. This personage is thus described by M. Talvi:—

"Their leader was Miles Standish. This man, though of middle years, had fought as an officer in the Netherlands, and was of such a little contemptible shape that a brother passenger pointed him out as Captain Shrimp; but being possessed of the most undaunted determination and heroic spirit, he long remained the knight of the colony. Of impetuous spirit, he was yet cool in danger; and everywhere, when warlike deeds were to be done, it was an understood thing that he was to lead. His attachment to the wanderers, which never underwent the least abatement, had something mysterious in it. He had become acquainted with and attached to the community in Leyden; but at setting out he was not really a member, and in the course of their long and intimate intercourse he never seems to have joined their church. Nevertheless he must have approved of their maxims, when he, a man of noble family, and not without good prospects at home, staked life and blood to procure them a home. He enjoyed, moreover, the most unbounded confidence: always in possession of some authority, he was in his later days elevated to be their treasurer; and it was always acknowledged, with thankful hearts, that to him alone they owed their preservation."

The earlier settlers in those regions, ever menaced by the native tribes, required some leaders of this description. Major John Mason, an officer who had learnt the art of war under Fairfax, in the Netherlands, was for the founders of Connecticut what Standish had been for the Pilgrim Fathers. The existence of the infant colony was threatened by the Pequods, one of the most powerful and hostile of the Indian tribes, and which was capable of bringing 700 warriors into the field. Their annihilation in their fort, or palisades, is described by M. Talvi in the following passage:—

"The Pequodees, when they beheld the English pass by their harbour, fancied they saw a flying foe, and joyfully gave themselves up to a treacherous safety, vaunting in their usual manner with loud cries their deeds and powers. The day previous they had had a great take of fish, and this was now made use of to celebrate the departure of the enemy with revel and war-dances. They were lying

wearied, and buried in profound sleep, when, an hour before daybreak, the loud barking of a dog called out the watch, who had carelessly gone into the fort to light a pipe, and they, seeing the enemy close upon them, instantly roused up the sleepers with the cry of 'Owannux! Owannux!' (Englishmen! Englishmen!) In the next minute the fort was thickly hemmed in, a second ring being formed at Mason's orders by the Indians. The main entrance was soon forced by shot and sword. The Pequodees fought with the fury of despair, but they had no fire-arms, and they threw themselves into their wigwams in order to defend them to the last gasp. The little band of English was small compared with their troop of hundreds; but Mason, with unheard-of boldness, entered one of the huts, seized a brand from the hearth, and fired the roofs. An Indian was in the act of levelling his arrow at him, when an officer sprang forward and cut the string. With fearful rapidity the conflagration spread from hut to hut, which, only composed of moss and wood, were in a moment wrapped in flames. The English withdrew outside the palisades, thickly surrounding the fort, while the Indians behind took courage, and approached nearer. The most furious despair now took possession of the souls of the Pequodees. High amidst the fearful war-cry resounded the yells of those sinking under this dreadful death. Those who scaled the palisades to save themselves were despatched by the bullets of the English to the realms of death, and those who broke through fell under the war-axes of the Mohicans. In the space of an hour five to six hundred Indians, young and old, men and women, had become the prey of the flames or weapons, only a small number of prisoners falling into the hands of the English."

This massacre, though revolting enough, had at least the plea of necessity, and the appearance of open and legitimate warfare. But the murder of the prisoners by order of the leader of the Massachusetts troops, who had now come up, and who was acting under the orders of the 'Christian Fathers' of the church of Boston, is destitute of these excuses. Of a hundred prisoners that had been made, this man sent the women and children into slavery at Boston, whilst the men, thirty-seven in number, were bound hand and foot, and cast into the sea. Yet a learned theologian of the next century talks about Heaven having "smiled on the English hunt," and remarks, with horrible levity, that "it was found to be the quickest way to feed the fishes with them!"

Such were the men who, taking the Old Testament for their text-book, and the ruthless heroes of Israel for their models, went forth ever accompanied by a pastor or minister, to plant the church, and smite the enemies of the Lord—and their own. These men, who had quitted England because they could not enjoy freedom of conscience, became a hundred times more intolerant than the church from which they had fled. No sect but their own was allowed. The Quakers were the especial objects of their persecution. By them the State of Pennsylvania was subsequently founded; their persecutors were the planters of the first two American republics.

#### *Geological and Topographical Map of London and its Environs.* By Robert W. Mylne, F.G.S., &c. Wyld.

THE publication of a new map of London is now an event of so common occurrence as scarcely to attract attention; but those hitherto published have been almost invariably planned upon the horizontal scale of distances alone, and the little less important vertical scale of heights, and the geological features

of the surface, neglected. The valuable map lately published by the Commissioners of Sewers gives, it is true, the levels over a considerable part of London; but, having a special object in view, these details are confined to certain lines of streets and roads. Although the number of local works and surveys must necessarily have accumulated a large body of information, yet, with the exception of the above-mentioned work, and the tabulated list of heights published a few years since by Messrs. Wood and Moffat, scarcely any exact information on this subject was accessible to the public. The recent great block survey of London, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, is on too large a scale to be within the reach of the many. Of the geology of London and its vicinity, still less is generally known. The small number of geological maps which exist are mostly confined to scientific publications of limited circulation, and are either too sketchy or too small to be of practical utility. Yet both the determination of the levels of the surface, and the character of the substrata, are subjects of considerable moment, having direct and essential bearing upon questions of great and general interest connected with the drainage and sewerage of the metropolis, and involving many important sanitary considerations. To the professional man a knowledge of them is almost indispensable, whilst there is hardly a private individual who at times does not seek for information on these points, and has not felt the difficulty of obtaining any.

Mr. Mylne, who is already favourably known by his 'Sections of the London Strata,' has now supplied this deficiency, and in a small and compact map shows by colours the superficial range of the different geological strata, as well as of the overlying gravel and brick-earth, and gives by contour lines every ten feet of height, commencing from Trinity high-water mark, and ascending to the highest summit-levels around London; the Map extending in one direction from Woolwich to Hammersmith, and in the other from Hampstead and Highgate to Dulwich and Clapham.

It probably may not be known to all our readers that the chalk which forms so conspicuous a feature in the country around Gravesend, Croydon, and Epsom, passes beneath London at a depth not exceeding 150 to 250 feet. It is covered, first, by a series of beds of sand and mottled clays, fifty to eighty feet thick; and, second, these are again overlaid by a thick argillaceous deposit, known as the London clay, and from 100 to 400 feet thick. This clay is usually very tough and tenacious, with the exception of a portion of its upper beds, which are mixed with sand. Mr. Mylne has been the first to point out the exact extent of these higher beds, and his map shows how much the pleasant character of the country of Highgate and Hampstead is dependent upon the nature of the surface formed by these strata. But the most remarkable variety in the geological features—a variety attended by a corresponding diversity of scenery—occurs in the district between Woolwich, Greenwich, Blackheath, and Lewisham. We there find the outcrops of no less than five different groups of strata, commencing with the chalk and ending with the London clay.

Wherever the London clay comes to the surface it forms a very retentive subsoil, but throughout a great part of London it is over-



laid by an irregular bed of "drift" gravel, varying in thickness from five to twenty feet. The importance of this structure, which gives us over a great portion of London a permeable superficial stratum abounding with springs, and greatly facilitating the surface drainage, is very considerable. Mr. Mylne's map not only shows the extent of surface occupied by the outcrop of the regular strata, but also the area covered by these irregular and superficial beds—a feature of great consequence, and not generally shown in geological maps. To the accuracy and value of this part of the map we can bear testimony. The contour lines seem to be laid down with equal care. These are partly derived from, and checked with, the great block survey, but the greater portion of the details is from the author's own survey. By reference, therefore, to the map, we are enabled at a glance to ascertain the nature of the subsoil in any given locality, and to determine the height of any spot above Trinity high-water mark at the London Docks—a standard in our opinion far more convenient than that of the distant and lower datum of the sea level at Liverpool. We must confess, however, that we should have preferred plain single contour lines instead of the shaded ones used by Mr. Mylne, and which rather interfere with the clearness and distinctness both of the colouring and of the ground plan, besides bringing out too prominently the moderate variations of the surface levels which exist around London. We would also suggest that rather more detail in the plan of the city would render the map easier of reference. A professional man can readily follow and understand mere outlines which to the public in general would be indistinct and insufficient. We conceive that the first point to bring prominently forward is the ground-plan of London itself, and then to lay down the contour lines of level subordinate thereto. This, however, is merely a question of arrangement, and does not lessen the value of the geological and topographical information contained in Mr. Mylne's map, which we recommend as a valuable and much-required addition to our physical knowledge of the metropolis. We regard it as an excellent example of the practical application of a science the importance and interest of which are becoming daily more apparent.

*A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.* By various writers. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Part I. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly; and Murray.

A good book on ancient geography is at present, in our own language at least, a desideratum. The usefulness of such a work is obvious, and its want has long been felt by every scholar. We do not know any systematic treatise which has superseded that of Dr. Adam, the learned rector of the High School of Edinburgh at the commencement of the present century. Since that period new countries have been explored, and in those then best known new discoveries have been almost every year made. To give only the names of those who, as scholars as well as travellers, have of late years journeyed through the classic and also the barbarian lands of antiquity, would form a goodly catalogue. The results of their discoveries and researches are scattered through many valuable volumes, but any connected view of ancient geography which a scholar can obtain

may, without figure of speech, be said to be as old as Adam.

It was high time that some comprehensive and accurate digest of recent researches should be prepared, as well as a summary of what was previously known, so that the requirements of modern scholarship on this head should be satisfied. Into the best and fittest hands has the work fallen. Dr. Wm. Smith, and his staff of learned and diligent coadjutors, to whom we owe the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' and the 'Dictionary of Biography and Mythology,' have undertaken this new labour. Wisely has the same convenient form of a dictionary been adopted. To these works the present will prove a companion volume. And if this 'Geography' is executed with the same ability and accuracy, the learning and taste, which marked the former treatises, and of which the first part gives every promise, it will at once take its place as the standard work on the subject in England and America, and probably on the continent also.

Although called 'A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography,' its plan comprises all ancient countries; nor will scriptural geography be excluded. Besides the topography proper, notices are given of the political history, and other memorabilia of the chief places, and illustrations also appear, such as plans, diagrams, and representations of coins and monuments. At the close of the work it is intended to publish 'An Historical Atlas of Ancient Geography,' exhibiting several maps of the same countries at different epochs of their history.

The work is to be issued in quarterly parts, of which the first is before us. A cursory inspection at once shows the vast and varied labour by which the materials have been collected. The authorities cited are numerous, and of all descriptions. Ancient poets and historians, along with modern travellers and critics, furnish the descriptions or illustrations. In examining some of the articles in detail, we are pleased with the variety, and satisfied with the extent and accuracy of the information. Under the word *Ætolia*, or *Alexandria*, for instance, not only the geography and topography, but the history and antiquities, are presented in a manner which gives us high expectations of the work:—

"The most striking remains of ancient Alexandria are the Obelisks and Pompey's Pillar. The former are universally known by the inappropriate name of 'Cleopatra's Needles.' The fame of Cleopatra has preserved her memory among the illiterate Arabs, who regard her as a kind of enchantress, and ascribe to her many of the great works of her capital,—the Pharos and Heptastadium included. Meselleh is, moreover, the Arabic word for 'a packing Needle,' and is given generally to obelisks. The two columns, however, which bear this appellation, are red granite obelisks which were brought by one of the Cæsars from Heliopolis, and, according to Pliny (xxxvi. 9), were set up in front of the Sebaste or Cæsarium. They are about 57 paces apart from each other: one is still vertical, the other has been thrown down. They stood each on two steps of white limestone. The vertical obelisk is 73 feet high, the diameter at its base is 7 feet and 7 inches; the fallen obelisk has been mutilated, and, with the same diameter, is shorter. The latter was presented by Mohammed Ali to the English government: and the propriety of its removal to England has been discussed during the present year. Pliny (*l. c.*) ascribes them to an Egyptian king named Mesphres: nor is he altogether wrong. The Pharaoh whose oval they exhibit was the third Thothmes, and in Manetho's list the first and

second Thothmes (18th Dynasty: Kenrick, vol. ii. p. 199) are written as Me-phra-Thothmosis. Rameses III. and Osirei II., his third successor, have also their ovals upon these obelisks."

Without entering into tedious details, a summary is given of all that is most important for the general reader, and most useful for the student. For those who wish to follow out any subject more particularly, the frequent references give the needful directions. Of the various contributors we are not at present called to speak, as they are as yet known to the public only by their cyphers; but the editor, Dr. Smith, by this new literary undertaking, will increase the reputation he has already obtained as one of our first English scholars,—one who deals with the history and philosophy of the ancient classics, as well as with the technicalities of their language.

#### NOTICES.

*A Few Remarks on a Pamphlet, by Mr. Shilleto, entitled 'Thucydides or Grote?' Cambridge: Deighton.*

THIS is a reply, by Mr. Grote's brother, to Mr. Shilleto's attack upon the historian of Greece. We think, however, that it was quite unnecessary for any of Mr. Grote's friends to have taken notice of Mr. Shilleto's pamphlet. The judgment which Mr. Grote has formed of the conduct of Thucydides in connexion with the capture of Amphipolis by Brasidas, and his elaborate defence of Cleon, will not meet with universal assent, and are fair subjects for discussion. But after the eminent services which Mr. Grote has rendered to Grecian history, he deserves at least respectful consideration from a literary opponent; and it is because Mr. Shilleto has forgotten to write as a gentleman and a scholar, that we regret any reply has been made.

*A New Gazetteer, or Topographical Dictionary of the British Islands and Narrow Seas.* By James A. Sharpe. Longman and Co.

To say that this 'Gazetteer' much excels any of its predecessors, expresses only a small part of its merit. With equal diligence and capacity for the undertaking, Mr. Sharpe has had facilities not before enjoyed by the compilers of similar dictionaries. The Government surveys and censuses, Parliamentary inquiries and returns, and many recent books, descriptive and statistical, have added largely to the materials available for a work on British topography. We are not surprised, therefore, to observe how much is promised on the title-page, which says, that the work comprises "descriptions of about sixty thousand places or objects of note, with a reference under every name to the sheet of the ordnance survey as far as completed, and an appendix, containing a general view of the resources of the United Kingdom, a short chronology, and an abstract of certain results of the census of 1851." Previous Gazetteers have been made use of, local guide-books have furnished new matter, and general writers, such as Lewis, Chambers, and Pott, have been carefully consulted. Historical and social topics are everywhere interspersed with the geographical and statistical details, and much information appears on the condition of the people as well as the features of the country. The political and ecclesiastical, as well as the civil divisions of the country are noted, and no important matter bearing upon British topography is omitted. To make his book "a complete index to the ordnance survey," seems to be the author's ambition, and so far as that survey is published he has worthily succeeded in his efforts. Of such places as we have turned to, in order to test the work, we have found the descriptions concise but correct, and the general matter varied and interesting. Sharpe's 'Gazetteer' may take its place as a standard work on British topography, excellent both for the comprehensiveness of its plan, and for the accuracy and variety of its details.



*The Claims of Science, especially as founded in its Relations to Human Nature. A Lecture delivered in Queen's College, Cork.* By George Boole.

PROFESSOR BOOLE is well known to mathematicians as an investigator of no mean genius. He is known also to logicians as one of a class whom they very much dislike, that is, of mathematicians who are engaged in an invasion of the realm of Aristotle, for the purpose of submitting the laws of thought to symbolic form and deduction. The object of the lecture is to enforce the claims of science in its largest sense, and to dwell upon the mind as the object of it, both in its intellectual and in its moral character. The heretical view of the foundation of logic, which is maintained against thunder from Edinburgh and cold water from Oxford, is enunciated in the following sentence:—"If it is asked, whether out of these common principles of the reason we are able to deduce the actual expressions of its fundamental laws, I reply that this is possible, and that the results constitute the true basis of mathematics. I speak here not of the mathematics of number and quantity alone, but of mathematics in its larger, and, I believe, truer sense, as universal reasoning expressed in symbolical forms, and conducted by laws which have their ultimate abode in the human mind. That such a science exists is simply a fact, and while it has one development in the particular science of number and quantity, it has another in a perfect logic."

*The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.*

Chapman and Hall.

THESE poems, having been already before the public, and now only re-edited and collected, do not call for more than passing notice. Mr. Reade's first work was a drama, published anonymously, entitled, 'Cain, the Wanderer.' It had merit enough to save it from total neglect, and to bring upon it the severe criticism of the 'Edinburgh Review.' That drama, remodelled and revised, now appears under the name of 'Destiny,' the author ingenuously stating, that when a second edition was meditated, twenty years ago, "a timely article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' animadverting on the poem with excellent point, fortunately prevented this perpetration." From that time Mr. Reade wrote various pieces, some of which attracted notice in a period so barren of high poetry as the last twenty years have proved. To these poems reference is now made, in a way which much pleases us, in the preface of this collected edition, which is written in a strain superior to the generality of such performances. "The poems," he says, "met with such success as might have been anticipated by a writer who was estranged from literary circles, who was unknown to his publishers, and who could not consequently expect even them to take any especial interest in his success. Things thus cast upon the waters, so often crude and incomplete, were chargeable with various sins of style and treatment: the author has, however, to acknowledge, with reprehension, that was no doubt well merited, much encouragement from his critics." Giving Mr. Reade the benefit of quoting this avowal, at once manly and modest, we only add our own opinion that there are many passages in the volumes worthy of republication.

*Familiar Letters on the Physics of the Earth, &c.*

By Henry Buff, Professor of Physics in the University of Giessen. Edited by A. W. Hofmann, Ph.D. F.R.S. Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

THE study of the physical conditions of the surface of that planet upon which man is placed is replete with the highest interest. On every side new wonders excite attention, and the harmonious operations of the great natural forces, which determine the varied conditions of the organic and the inorganic world, cannot be meditated on without improving our conception of the Eternal Cause at whose fiat motion and life began. The object of these letters is to familiarize the reader with the grand phenomena "of the land, the waters, and the air, and the forces that give rise to them;" to convey within a moderate compass much very accurate information on the 'Physics of the Earth;' and to show the practical value of the

study of Natural Philosophy. Few readers will take up this book without receiving both pleasure and instruction, and many points of interest and of novel application must prove generally valuable. We cannot, however, notwithstanding our high appreciation of the value of this work, avoid drawing attention to some incorrectness of expressions which here and there prevail. These are mainly owing to the want of a perfect knowledge of our language by the editor; but at the end of the book there occurs a passage which tends to perpetuate a popular error. The passage is this, referring to lightning conductors:—"A faulty conductor ceases to afford security, just because it does not strive to draw down the electricity from the clouds much more powerfully than do the other objects near it." Here the idea of an attractor of electricity is involved, as though inert, passive matter had the power to draw. The conditions are wrongly expressed. A bad or insufficient conductor is dangerous only because it does not afford a channel for the electricity to pass freely through, in the same way as an imperfect water-pipe allows some of the water to flow over. A good conductor *draws* no more electricity than a bad one, but it furnishes a perfect channel through which it flows freely to the earth. This error has been so often explained that we cannot but regret to see it repeated in a book of this excellent character, and on the authority of such names as Buff and Hofmann.

*Alice Learmont. A Fairy Tale.* By the Author of 'Olive,' &c. Chapman and Hall.

THE purpose or the plan of this tale, we confess, after careful reading of it, we are unable to discover. Some beautiful passages there are, descriptive both of nature and of human feeling, but the idea of the story is not happy. The child of a Scottish borderer's wife is born at the witching hour of midnight between the old and the new year. At that very moment an alarm has been given of the father's corpse being borne home from a fray. The poor mother has, moreover, been adorning the cradle that evening with green ribbons, which the old mother-in-law, Dame Learmont, declares to be an ill-omened colour. Leaving the mother alone, she goes out to the court to see about the husband, and meanwhile troops of fairies enter the room and bear off the child. The only satisfaction given by the Queen of the Fairies is a promise, that at certain intervals Alice shall be allowed to visit her home in human form. This accordingly takes place here and there through the book. If Marion Graham, the mother, alone saw and enjoyed these visits, we could understand the tale, as a beautiful episode of a mind where reason had been overturned by calamity, but the fairy child mingles unnaturally with the rest of the family, so as to spoil the illusion. Something might also have been made of the 'daft' Simmie, the wise idiot, who disappeared the same night as the child, and was supposed to have carried her off. It seems that Thomas Learmont, of Ercildoun, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, was in former ages carried off by the Queen of the Fairies; so that, in this tale there is the spirit kept up of old local tradition. But we do not think that the best has been made of the materials for a fairy tale, which we regret the more for the pleasing style and spirit of parts of the book. The illustrations by James Godwin are very good.

*Norica; or, Tales of Nürnberg, from the Olden Time.* Translated from the German of August Hagen. John Chapman.

UNDER the fiction of a story from a MS. of the sixteenth century, the records of one of the old imperial cities of Germany are here presented, woven skilfully into an interesting narrative. Nürnberg is the city of which it has been said, that "before Amsterdam rose or Hamburg lifted its head, Nürnberg was the Venice and the Florence also of Germany." The German burgher life at the time of the dawn of the Reformation; the public spirit and wealth of the merchants; the ways and works of the artists, especially of Albert Dürer, who is the central portrait of the book; the guild of master-singers, with Hans Sachs at their head;

the relations of the city with the empire, and with other parts of Europe, are among the subjects which the book illustrates. An interesting period and phase of European history is presented to view, and the interpolations here and there of fragments of Albert Dürer's original letters give additional life to the narrative. In 1828 there was held a commemorative festival of the artist, when many memorials of him were brought to light and published. Besides making use of these, the author found additional materials in the archives of Königsberg, through the study of which he entered more fully into the life and spirit of these times. Whether to students of history, or art, or general literature, the volume will bring much curious and valuable information about old German life and manners, as well as furnish a remarkable record of the works of Albert Dürer, "the Apelles of Germany."

*The Assurance Magazine.* No. VI. January, 1852. Laytons.

THE specialty and importance of the objects of this magazine induce us to give to it a separate notice. Assurance companies, whether for life or property, have been gradually acquiring a higher standing, as institutions marking the social progress of England, and the advance of general civilisation. The stage of discussion as to the vast utility of the principles on which these associations are founded, has long been passed, and the only question now is to perfect their working and extend their benefits. The need had for some time been felt of some journal entirely devoted to this branch of social economy, in which there might appear essays and communications on all matters bearing upon assurance in its various branches. The idea was novel, and the value of it has been proved by the mass of important statistical information already elicited. The magazine appears quarterly, and the five numbers already published display a large amount and variety of useful matter. The present number ably keeps up the interest of the series, and many of the articles may be read with pleasure and advantage by those not specially interested in assurance companies or their business. The first paper, for instance, by Frederick Hendricks, Actuary of the Globe Insurance Company, is one of historical as well as economic interest, "Contribution to the History of Insurance, and the Theory of Life Contingencies, with a Restoration of the Grand Pensionary De Wit's Treatise of Life Annuities." This title will give an idea of the nature of the papers, while there are also many minor communications, for which these pages form the appropriate channel for publicity. Foreign as well as home institutions receive attention, and the 'Assurance Magazine' is conducted with an ability answering to the importance of its subjects.

#### SUMMARY.

MEASURING books, not by their bulk but their usefulness, we give precedence in this week's Summary to *The Story of Nineveh*, intended for the young, written, we believe, by a clergyman in Scotland, in pleasing style telling the substance of the history of that old city, and its recent discovery. No one will be more pleased to see such a book than Mr. Layard, from whose work the illustrations, as well as parts of the story, are taken. For children it is a book both instructive and entertaining.

Some other suitable books for young people we may here at the same time mention: *Little Fanny's Journal; or, My Child's Own Book*, by the late Mr. Fraser Tytler, author of the 'Tales of the Great and Brave,' and other useful works for children, written in a pleasing style and spirit. *The Ericksons*, a Norwegian tale, by Miss Frances Brown, good and prettily told, but the printing and woodcuts such as would be discredit to an Irish village, and which we are surprised to see issued by the same publishers as 'The Story of Nineveh.' *The Battles of the Bible*, a selection of stories from the wars recorded in Scripture, as the name denotes, may help to attract many of the inattentive young to the sacred writings, though we almost



question the good taste of such a publication, and the compiler might have refrained from her statement in the preface of the high motives by which she was actuated. *The Pictorial Scripture Alphabet*, by Miss Schroder, is made up of illustrated cards with designs for each letter of the alphabet, and Scripture references and explanation on the back—as Z, with a picture of Mount Zion, and a short notice of its history.

The first volume has appeared of a collected edition of the *Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton*, containing 'The New Timon,' 'Constance,' 'Milton,' 'The Narrative Lyrics,' and other pieces. Of the poems in this volume public opinion has already expressed its estimate, and it is sufficient for us to notice their republication in convenient and elegant form. In a note to the passage in 'The New Timon' referring to the late Sir Robert Peel, the author says "he will find another occasion to attempt, so far as his opinions on the one hand, and his reverence on the other, will permit—to convey a juster idea of Sir Robert Peel's defects or merits, perhaps as a statesman, at least as an orator." Very singular are the lines in the poem, written before the fatal accident:—

"Now on his humble, but his faithful steed,  
Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed—  
Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze,  
And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.  
Wise is thy head! how stout soe'er his back,  
Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack!"

The generous and graceful turn given to this in the foot-note, is such as one might expect from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In another series we have the second part of *Ernest Maltravers*, or, as the other title bears, *Alice, or The Mysteries*. In this work of allegorical fiction, with the author's usual power and felicity of narrative, there is mingled a philosophical purpose; and in a new preface Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton ascribes to it, above all his other works, "such merit as may be thought to belong to harmony between a premeditated conception, and the various incidents and agencies employed in the development of plot." 'Ernest Maltravers,' the type of Genius or intellectual ambition, is after long and erring alienation happily united to 'Alice,' the type of Nature, nature now elevated and idealized.

Reprints of old books, or modern imitations of them in antique style, seem to grow in favour, of which several are on our table. Of two of these, *Queen Philippa's Golden Book* and *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, we may have something at another time to say, meanwhile only commending the beauty of the typography and the elegance of the binding. A third, *The Mother's Legacie to her Unborne Child*, by Elizabeth Joceline, is a reprint in Edinburgh of a work reprinted not long since at Oxford. The editor, in an historical and critical introduction, speaks with just severity of the dishonesty of the Oxford editor, who, to suit certain ecclesiastical views, had altered the original, which he professed to be reprinting. It is well that such frauds should be exposed as fully as this is. The 'Legacie' presents the views of a sensible and pious mother concerning the training of her first-born child, written for her husband, in case death might remove her from personally fulfilling a charge so weighty. Her fears were not unfounded nor her foresight useless, for it appears that she died in child-birth. Dr. Goad, who edited the manuscript, says that it "was like a deputed mother for instruction, and for solace a twin-like sister issuing from the same parent, and seeing the light about the same time."

Of miscellaneous publications, for the titles of which only we have space, may be mentioned—several volumes of *Routledge's Popular Library*; *Twice-Told Tales*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, an American writer; also in the same series *Lilias Darenant*, a novel, by Miss Stewart. Bentley's edition of *Agnes de Mansfelt*, an historical tale by J. C. Grattan. *Notes on Noes*, a reprint of a book published some years ago, containing some curious nasological disquisitions. The first numbers of two new periodicals, *The Poetic Review*, a monthly miscellany, and *The Biographical Maga-*

*zine*, edited by J. Passmore Edwards. The first part of *Burnaby Lee; or, the Struggles of a Son and Heir*, a serial by Edward Thornton. *Familiar Things*, a cyclopædia of popular information on common objects. *The Literary Mélange* in prose and verse, a new and neat edition of the papers of Sydney Whiting, some of which have been rather popular. Several new parts of serials, as *The Daltons*, by Charles Lever, *Mervyn Clitheroe*, by W. H. Ainsworth. And lastly, Vol. I. of *Chambers' Pocket Miscellany*, being selected papers from the early numbers of 'The Edinburgh Magazine,' now out of print.

The last number of the 'Annals of Rhenish Antiquaries' contains papers on the three oldest cities on the Rhine—viz. Maintz, Bonn, and Cologne—by Professor Ritter, of Bonn; and on the Roman Military Road on the left bank of the Moselle, by Dr. Schneider, of Emmerich. Professor Ritter's paper is a brilliant specimen of successful philological criticism, and unimportant though the practical result of his disquisition be, the process by which he attains it is highly interesting and instructive to antiquarians. The smaller papers are on bronze and Roman coins.

The last number of the 'Grenzboten' contains a biography of Beau Brummel, after Captain Jesse's book on that person, and an elaborate critique on Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde' and other dramatic pieces by the same author. 'Mesmerism and Bloomerism,' and their progress in England, are sketched with much humour and truthfulness. But the most interesting article is a paper on the French army, its spirit, training, manœuvres, and power.

Herr Stargardt, a bookseller at Stuttgart, has lately made a valuable acquisition by purchasing the whole of Schiller's library, with his autograph notes to the various books.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn, the late novelist and pervert to Romanism, has resolved to pass her novitiate in a convent at Cologne.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adshad's (J.) Progress of Religious Sentiment, 12mo, 2s.  
Agatha Beaufort; or, Family Pride, 3 vols., 41 11s. 6d.  
Agnew's (Sir A.) Life, by M'Crie, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Aird's Syntax Made Easy, square, sewed, 1s.  
Arnold's Eclogæ Aristophaneæ, Part 1, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
—— Latin, viâ English, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
—— Handbook of Religion, &c., of the Greeks, cl., 5s.  
Bayes's (W.) Nervous Affections, second edition, cl., 3s. 6d.  
Bernays' German Word Book, square, cloth, 3s.  
Blaine's Encyclopedia of Sports, second edition, 8vo, 50s.  
Calder's Arithmetic, cloth, 3s. 6d., with Answers, 4s. 6d.  
Carlington Castle, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Carr's (T. S.) Manual of Classical Mythology, 12mo, 4s. 6d.  
—— Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names, 3s. 6d.  
—— Dictionary of Homonymes, 12mo, cloth, 2s.  
Child's German Book, square, cloth, 3s.  
Collins's Rambles beyond Railways, 2nd edition.  
Cox's Biblical Antiquities, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
Crombie's Gymnasium, 6th edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Cummings' (Dr.) Voices of the Night, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Dickenson's (R.) Sacred Oracles, 2s., (sewed, 1s. 6d.)  
Dod's Peerage, 1852, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Elliott's Key to Mathematics, Part 1: Algebra, cloth, 2s.  
Harrison's (J. B.) Medical Aspects of Death, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
Here a Little and There a Little, 18mo, cloth, 2s.  
Household Narrative, 1851, 8vo, cloth, 3s.  
Katter's (Rev. D.) Sermons, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
Lund's Key to Algebra, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Manning's (Rev. E.) Bible Fruit for Little Children, 1s. 6d.  
Marcus's Vocabulary of German & English Language, 3s. 6d.  
M'Culloch's (J. R.) Treatise on Taxation, 8vo, cloth, 16s.  
M'Killican's (D.) A Forest Flower, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Menteath's (Mrs. A. S.) Lays of the Kirk & Covenant, 3s. 6d.  
Memorials from Ben Rhydding, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Miller's Sermons Preached at Bognor, 8vo, boards, 10s. 6d.  
Mylin's School Dictionary, 18mo, boards, 2s. 6d.  
Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack, 1852, boards, 4s.  
Orme's Roger Miller, 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Penn's Life, by Dixon, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s.  
Prentice's (A.) Historical Sketches of Manchester, 6s.  
Price's Anglo-Catholic Theory, 12mo, sewed, 1s.  
Protestant's Armory, by a Lady, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Retrospect, 22nd edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Sampson's Homœopathy, 3rd edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.  
Scratchley's Life Assurance Societies, &c., 8vo, 5s.  
Sharp's (J. A.) New Gazetteer, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £2 16s.  
Sinclair's Beauties of Nature, 12mo, 5s.  
Soyer's Housewife, 25th edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
—— Cookery, 8th edition, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Spence's (J.) Religion for Mankind, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
Stanbury's Practical Guide to Lithography, 2s. 6d.  
Sterling's (J.) Life, by Carlyle, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Sullivan Class Book, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
Tate's Key to Exercises on Mechanics, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Tweedie's Light and Shadows in Life of Faith, cloth, 4s.  
Uncle Tom's Pictorial Keepsake, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Whist Prize Essay, 18mo, sewed, 1s.  
Wilson's (Rev. P.) Meditations and Prayers, 32mo, 3s. 6d.

#### THE NEW FOSSIL REPTILE.

11, Harley-street, January 7.

IN the report given in the last number of the 'Literary Gazette,' of a lecture delivered by me at Ipswich, on 17th December last, you have represented me to have said, in speaking of the fossil reptile found in the old red sandstone of Elgin, "that Professor Owen had pronounced it to be a lacertian, and that Dr. Mantell had compared it to an aquatic salamander, combining in its structure some lacertian characters." In the first part of this statement there is a strange anachronism. Those who heard my lecture well know that I said nothing of Mr. Owen's opinions on this matter, of which I then knew nothing. The Professor himself did not publish his views on the subject alluded to till several days later, when they appeared for the first time in your 'Gazette.'

I exhibited at Ipswich, and presented to the Museum there, a cast which Dr. Mantell had made of the reptile in question, on which was inscribed, in Dr. Mantell's handwriting, "*Telerpeton Elginense*, a batrachian or lacertian, &c.," so desirous was this palæontologist to point out, even when labelling a cast, the mixed osteological characters attributed by him to this fossil, of which he had sent a description to the Geological Society some days before I left London for Ipswich.

CHARLES LYELL.

In our report of Sir Charles Lyell's lecture above referred to, we should have said that Prof. Owen *has* pronounced, instead of *had* pronounced, the reptile to be a 'lacertian.' We did not intend to express that the lecturer stated this. It was subsequent to the lecture that Prof. Owen described the reptile in our columns (*ante*, 'L. G.' for 1851, p. 900) as belonging to a class different from that indicated by Dr. Mantell, and we meant simply to put on record the opinions of the two high authorities to whom the specimen had been submitted for examination.

#### BERCHET, THE ITALIAN POET.

GIOVANNI BERCHET, whose death we recorded in our last, was in the truest sense of the word the national poet of Italy. Born at Milan, in 1788, he at an early age imbibed that hatred of the iron rule of Austria which a few years later inspired his gifted muse. It was when the well-known political events of 1821 forced him to leave his country, that his active mind, fervently devoted to the principles of rational liberty, burst forth in those powerful and touching strains which are to this day deeply graven on the heart of every Italian patriot, and which, during the sanguinary contest of 1848, beguiled the weary march of the troops, and animated the combatants in the conflict. He was the first who had the courage to forsake the old beaten track of insipid sonnet-making. His poems stand alone, unrivalled in the novelty of their language and conception, and in the noble spirit which pervades every line. Few Italians can repeat his 'Clarina,' his 'Matilde,' or the 'Hermit of Mont Cenis,' without feeling strong emotion. But by far the best of his productions, which unfortunately are not numerous, are the 'Fantasie.' The language and versification are beautiful and varied, and we strongly recommend all Italian students to leave, with all due respect, Tasso and Petrarch for a while, and read a page of Giovanni Berchet. This distinguished patriot-poet was for some time member of the Sardinian parliament, and his loss is deeply mourned in all Italy.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE improvements which have taken place in the art of Photography have been very numerous, within a comparatively short time. The interest



which attaches to the process of employing a sunbeam to paint images of those objects which it illuminates is exceedingly great; and the very pleasing kind of natural magic by which the pictures are developed, makes photography one of the most seducing of the applications of science with which we are acquainted.

The preparation of albuminized glass plates promised much, and in some hands,—as in those of Messrs. Ross and Thomson of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Langenheim of Philadelphia,—the best results have been obtained. Essentially, their processes consist respectively of separating the fluid portion of the white of egg, and adding thereto a weak solution of the iodide of potassium. This is floated over a clean glass plate, so as to cover it with a very thin film, and carefully dried. When this is completed, the prepared surface is dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, and thus an iodide of silver is formed on the surface. This iodide of silver, being washed, as in the calotype process, with gallo-nitrate of silver, is very sensitive to the solar radiations, and being placed in the camera-obscura, is speedily impressed with a dormant image, which is developed by the deoxidizing action of gallic acid.

Another process, the result of the researches of Mr. Fry and Mr. Archer, is in all respects similar to the foregoing, except that the albumen is replaced by collodion—gun-cotton dissolved in ether. The result of this is the production of an exquisitely sensitive surface, upon which, by an exposure in the camera of but a single second, very admirable portraits are obtained, from which, these being negative pictures, any number of positive impressions can be obtained. An advance in sensibility has been, however, obtained by Mr. Fox Talbot, to a degree which was quite unexpected; impressions of rapidly moving objects being obtained instantaneously. A glass plate is prepared with albumen, as already described; it is then dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver, to which a considerable quantity of alcohol has been added. With a solution of protiodide of iron, both alcohol and acetic acid are mixed, and the mixture placed aside for a few days; into this the plate is plunged and allowed to remain for a few minutes; it is then finally washed with the nitrate of silver, and placed in the camera. The experiment tried at the Royal Institution with this sensitive tablet was a most remarkable one. On the side of a large wheel a printed bill was placed, and the wheel set in rapid revolution. Previously to this, the camera is properly adjusted in a perfectly dark room, and when all is prepared, and the wheel moving at its highest velocity, it is for the briefest moment illuminated by the spark obtained from the discharge of a Leyden jar. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which the bill moves upon the wheel, and the instantaneous character of the flash, the words are printed on the sensitive tablet without a blur upon any of the letters. We hear that Mr. Fox Talbot is arranging for some experiments on a large scale, and that he hopes to obtain pictures of objects in the most rapid motion,—as dancers, moving machinery, rifle balls in their passage, and other things. This process has been called by Mr. Fox Talbot, the *Amphitype*, or 'ambiguous image,' from the circumstance that the picture has in some positions a positive and in others a negative character.

M. Niepce de St. Victor is still pursuing his investigations on the production of colours by photographic means. By connecting a silver plate with a voltaic battery, and plunging it into a solution of sulphate of copper and chloride of sodium, a chloride of silver mixed with some oxide of copper, or finely divided metallic copper, is formed, producing a dark coloured surface. This is exposed to radiation, and every ray falling on the plate impresses it with its own colour,—it is in fact eaten out in natural colours. The production of colours painted by the sunbeam was one of those problems which appeared to be almost hopeless; but although these colours obtained by M. Victor are somewhat fugitive, it is now evident that we may make it a promising matter of research. In a memoir published by M. Niepce de St. Victor, some very

curious connexions between the colouring matter of flames and the colours produced upon these plates are shown. Mr. Fry has just announced the discovery, that by a very slight addition of gutta percha to the collodion, a very superior surface is obtained, and the sensibility considerably increased. The use of sulphate of iron instead of gallic acid is recommended. These improvements are entirely different from the patent processes. We have employed electricity to be our messenger and our metallurgist; to register our time and blast our rocks; and we have compelled light to do our bidding in its peculiar condition of polarization. Now we ask it not merely to imprint the images of external nature, which it does with more accuracy than any other pencil, but we desire the ethereal agent to paint them.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

AN amusing episode has occurred in the history of this year's Westminster Play, to the performance of which we have before alluded, (*ante*, p. 872.) In the epilogue to the *Eunuchus* of Terence the name of Mrs. Dexter was prominently introduced, and Thais and other reputable Roman ladies appeared in the costume of Bloomers. Mrs. Caroline Ann Dexter accordingly writes a letter of expostulation to the Rev. H. C. Liddell, headmaster of the school. After an account of her own character and motives, she speaks of her persevering labours in the cause of Dress-reform, in order to promote which she has travelled "from Perth to Penzance and from Boston Deep to the Irish Sea." On the whole, Mrs. Dexter is pleased rather than otherwise with the notice thus publicly taken of her, on the principle that "an unfavourable review of a work is better than none at all," and she is glad that the subject has been urged on public attention, even though under the guise of a farce. This is all very well and very amusing. But we must take this opportunity of saying, what before we refrained from doing, that, in our opinion, the whole affair of the Westminster School plays is extremely silly. Nor do we see how the choice of such pieces is conducive either to good taste or good morals in the young. Some amusement of course there is, but this might be procured by exhibitions more in accordance with the spirit of the times. H. R. H. Prince Albert gave his attendance, as he always does on occasions represented to him as old English usages; but this is a piece of antiquated folly which will be more honoured in the breach than the observance. That the ministers of religion should assist by their presence dramatic representations, is certainly not accordant with the present current of public feeling. In the Roman Catholic church it is expressly forbidden. Whether this is right or wrong we do not discuss, but there is a strange inconsistency in giving a taste for that in the young which afterwards the same men are expected to discourage. The good old custom of the judges of England masking and dancing at the Inns of Court has for a long time fallen into disuse, although once part of the British constitution, and we advise the grave divines of Westminster Abbey to consider whether these plays are altogether in character with the spirit of the age.

Among new projects recently started there is one by a Mr. Willson, entitled 'The Victoria Pyramid Necropolis,' the first sentence of the prospectus of which is worthy of quotation:—"This plan is peculiar, inasmuch as it comprehends amplitude of space, perfect security, and perpetual repose. The proposition is, to enclose a hundred acres as a Garden Cemetery, differing little from existing Cemeteries; in the midst of this would rise the Great Pyramid itself, standing on a base of twenty acres, and towering aloft with Egyptian massiveness—generating progressively hundreds of acres of space as it advances upwards, and range above range of catacombs, diminishing to an apex—would ultimately realize an elevation of sublime sepulchral grandeur." A Babel built for sepulture instead of for ambition is more consistent with man's position in this world of death and sorrow. If built

at a sufficient distance from the habitations of the living, pyramidal sepulchres might be found useful. We should add that Mr. Willson is the architect of a pyramidal monument in South Africa, well known to mariners, marking the roadstead of Algoa Bay. It was erected by Sir Rufane Donkin, as a cenotaph in commemoration of the virtues of his wife, who died while he was Governor of the colony. It is proposed that the Victoria Pyramid shall be nine hundred feet high, being one hundred feet higher than the greatest of those of Egypt, and that it be built of vaulted brick-work faced with granite. It is calculated that millions of bodies will easily be contained in the catacombs, so that this necropolis may perhaps suffice for London to the end of time, when the last man will ascend and deposit himself on the apex.

A much more feasible design is being carried out for forming a vast metropolitan cemetery, a 'city of the dead,' at Woking, in Surrey. The wild waste uplands of that district could not be turned to better account, and by the South Western Railway there is peculiar facility of access. The expense and even the time of funerals would be much less than at the average of our suburban cemeteries reached by coaches. All advantages of site, soil, access, economy, not to speak of the taste and grandeur of the plan, combine to commend this metropolitan cemetery. We are glad to observe in the official announcements of the 'Court Gazette,' that the leading promoters of it have had various interviews with the Government. The proposed site at Erith, which was nearly adopted, will we hope no more now be heard of, where all the drainage of the cemetery would have been conveyed to the Thames, and by the tides borne up again to the city. We lately read in the 'North British Review' (No. 29), a passage written on some other subject, but so strikingly appropriate to the present design, that we have pleasure in quoting it:—"Travellers by the Southampton railway must often have been surprised at finding themselves within an hour's run of the greatest metropolis of the world, whirling through miles of desert; and even though they may have acquiesced in the popular notion that it is impossible to cultivate these wastes, they may yet have been inclined to suspect that so peculiar a district, in so peculiar a situation, may still have its use, and its part to play in the forward movements of civilization, perhaps in relation to the very city on which it borders so nearly."

Sir Roderick Murchison reports that he has had a communication from Baron Brunnov, stating that the Emperor of Russia, after inquiry, could not permit a British officer to risk his life in a Siberian search for Sir John Franklin, the difficulties of which are said to be insurmountable. The concern felt for the safety of one British officer is highly creditable to the feelings of the Czar, but we think that concern for many of our countrymen, for whose relief he had volunteered to risk his life, might have equally weighed with him. Mr. Pim has been allowed to remain at St. Petersburg long enough to judge of his character, and we suspect the true state of the matter is, that such a visitor to remote Siberia might have seen things which the Russian Government would for ever hide from the knowledge of Western Europe. We await with interest Lieutenant Pim's own account of the negotiation.

Last Saturday there was a sale of rare and valuable manuscripts and autographs at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's. Among the articles sold were six letters of Catherine Sophia, sister of Frederic, king of Bohemia, for 2*l.* 11*s.*; forty-seven official letters of Charles I., for 19*l.*; a letter of Prince Charles Lewis, for 2*l.* 11*s.*; two pages, folio, in the handwriting of William Dugdale, relating to a search of records, 7*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; a letter of Admiral Keppel, 3*l.* 10*s.*; autograph of Col. Fiennes, speaker in the Protectorate, and of Sir C. Wolsley, 2*l.* 3*s.*; a letter of W. Oldys the bibliographer, 4*l.* 6*s.*; twelve letters of Lord North to the Duke of Portland, on the North American colonies, 4*l.*; paper and letter relating to the Scotch forfeited estates of the rebellion of 1715; papers and letters



of George Vertue, the engraver and antiquary, 47. 6s.

Sir Peregrine Maitland having presented £1000 to the University of Cambridge to found a triennial prize on Christian Missions, the Vice-Chancellor has announced this subject for the first competition—'The duty as well as policy of Christian States to encourage missions for the conversion of the heathen.' In the wording of this theme there is novelty in relation to such a subject. The duty of Christian Churches to encourage missions has been frequently discussed. The duty of Christian States is another question, and one which will admit of wider consideration. The British Government is, we suppose, understood to be a Christian State: is it the duty of the Government, as such, actively to engage in this good service? The question we should like to have seen discussed by abler writers than undergraduates. The essays are to be sent to the Vice-Chancellor at the division of Easter Term. The competition is open to Bachelors of Arts under the M.A. standing, and to Students of Civil Law and Medicine, of not less than three nor more than seven years, not being graduates.

Mr. Squier, the American archaeologist, who is passing the winter in England, has just been on a visit to Lord Londesborough, in Yorkshire, and, while there, has opened a few of the numerous early barrows on his lordship's estate at Londesborough. They all proved to be of that rude class of interment which are generally called Celtic, and produced their usual contents, a few urns.

In consequence of the representations of many influential persons, Sir John Romilly, the Master of the Rolls, issued some time since an order for admitting literary inquirers to the public records without payment of fees. Use may now be made of this liberty, on application by letter to the deputy-keeper, Sir Francis Palgrave, and under certain regulations specified in the letter of admission.

In the new number of the 'Quarterly Review,' a remarkable paper appears on Junius, in which the authorship is claimed for the second Lord Lyttelton. The grounds of this claim we will take an early opportunity of stating.

The Royal Polytechnic Institution continues to be the resort of multitudes of visitors, and the efforts made by its manager to furnish variety of useful and curious entertainment, deserve all praise and encouragement. H.R.H. Prince Albert has lately become Patron of the Institution.

The Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, in Leicester Square, is rapidly advancing towards completion, and will prove a worthy rival of the older establishment.

A meeting was held last week in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall-street, with the view of establishing a Jewish College, for general education, and for training Hebrew teachers and readers. Sir Moses Montefiore was in the chair, supported by the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, and other influential persons of the persuasion. About 1000L. were subscribed at the meeting.

A bust of the late Samuel Cooper, Professor of Surgery in London University, has been added to the gallery at the College of Surgeons' museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

The Commissioners of the Treasury have determined to abandon Mr. Peacock's award in reference to the Brompton and Nunhead Cemeteries; and by this abandonment, the operation of the Metropolitan Interments Act has, for all practical purposes, been suspended. The burial of the London dead will thus, for a time, be left, as hitherto, in the hands of private or associated enterprise and speculation.

Mr. Stephenson has surveyed the line of the Cairo railway. The two branches of the Nile are to be crossed by a pontoon bridge. The Pasha has given orders for 18,000 labourers to be put upon the works.

The Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen is about to publish an 'Archæological Atlas of the North,' accompanied by explanatory matter in French and Danish. It will be a valuable addition

to the memoirs, papers, and documents, already published by the Society. This scientific association is one of the most important in Northern Europe, and its members include many of the most distinguished savans of Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. It possesses an excellent library, which contains, amongst other things of great value, about 2000 Icelandic manuscripts, very ancient, and written in the old Scandinavian tongue.

The Austrian Government, in order to secure the printing of Hebrew works of devotion for its own subjects, has authorized the establishment of a special printing press at Goritz, in Illyria; and it calculates that it will henceforth be able to supply the vast demand which exists in the East. Heretofore the Jews of Eastern Europe, of Asia, and of Northern Africa, have obtained their religious books principally from Amsterdam or Leghorn.

Among the passengers believed to have been lost with the *Amazon* is Eliot Warburton, the well-known author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' and other works. It is only a few days since his new historical romance, 'Darlen,' issued from the press. He then bethought himself of some fresh literary occupation, and after consulting with friends, resolved to cross the Atlantic, and find materials for his next work in the New World. We hope he may be one of the five passengers announced to have arrived from the wreck at Brest.

On the 24th of December the Capitol at Washington was reported to be in flames, and the valuable library of Congress, with the public records of the Union, to be destroyed. It was only by telegraph, at the point of the mail-ship sailing, that this short announcement was made, for despatch to Europe.

Lord Cockburn, one of the Scottish judges, is preparing a life and memoir of Lord Jeffrey, with selections from his correspondence. We look for this work with no ordinary interest. The ability, judgment, and taste of Henry Cockburn, as well as political sympathy and personal friendship, give him every fitness for being the biographer of Francis Jeffrey.

Mr. Thackeray having concluded his Lectures on the English Humorists, at Edinburgh, is to deliver the series at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, commencing on Monday next with Dean Swift.

The Hulsean £100 Prize Essay for this year is to be on 'The Evidences of Christianity, as exhibited in the writings of its apologists down to Augustine.' To be sent in before 19th October.

The Seatonian Prize Poem subject is 'Mammon,' for 29th September.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 8th.—J. P. Collier, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. William Hepworth Dixon and the Rev. Edward Kell were elected Fellows. Mr. W. R. Hamilton presented a MS. volume in the handwriting of the Rev. John Brand, formerly secretary to the Society, containing collections for the illustration of the Rosetta Stone preserved in the British Museum. Mr. Edward Hawkins exhibited a collection of silver ornaments purchased by him from the Tunis Gallery in the Great Exhibition. These ornaments are worn by the Moors at the present day, and are manufactured by certain families to whom the trade has been confined for centuries past. They are most remarkable on account of the great resemblance which they bear to articles, as early at least as the tenth century, found in Europe. Their resemblance to the objects found in the graves of Livonia, described by Professor Bähr, of Dresden, is still more observable. The Secretary then read the first portion of a Memoir by the Astronomer Royal, on the place of Cesar's departure from Gaul, and the locality of his landing in Britain.

LINNEAN.—Dec. 2nd.—William Yarrell, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Among the presents upon the table was an elegantly bound copy of the

'Recueil de Coquilles, décrites par Lamarck,' presented by M. F. Delessert. Mr. Moore, curator of the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, presented to the Society specimens of the cones of *Zamia furfuracea*, which bear the stamens. The Secretary read a paper by John Miers, F.R.S., on two new species of plants from the Cordillera of the Andes, one belonging to the family *Erigonæ*, while the other (*Oxycladus aphyllus*) was referable to a section of the family *Bignoniaceæ*. It formed a leafless shrubby plant about eight feet high. Mr. Adam White exhibited, on the behalf of Mr. Henry W. Bates, a selection from a fine series of insects lately collected by him at Ega and other spots on the river Amazon. These specimens were now in the hands of Mr. Samuel Stevens, the agent of Mr. Bates. Mr. White also exhibited a selection of fine Hymenopterous insects from Mr. Frederick Smith's collection, also procured by Mr. Bates at Ega, Pará, and other places in Brazil. He particularly called attention to some fine species of Longicorn beetles and pale nocturnal Megacephalæ, and, among the Lepidoptera, pointed out a series of species of *Catagramma*; among them he indicated a very gorgeously decorated butterfly, *Callithea Batesi*, named after its discoverer. He made some observations on Mr. Bates's merits as a collector, and compared him with some of the celebrated naturalist voyagers, pupils of Linnæus, and showed that he deserved and needed every encouragement, especially in entering upon a comparatively new zoological field, the district watered by the Rio Tapajós, which river extends from 13 to 1500 miles into the interior. He mentioned that Mr. Bates had forwarded to his agent in London at least 1000 species of butterflies, several of them new, and figured in the Diurnal Lepidoptera of Doubleday, Hewitson, and Westwood. Mr. Bates had been in Brazil since 1848, and was as enthusiastically devoted to natural history as ever, collecting chiefly insects, birds, fishes, reptiles, and shells.

Dec. 16th.—Robert Brown, Esq., President, in the chair. The Secretary read (1.) a letter from John Hogg, Esq., recording the capture of two species of Pipe-fish (*Syngnathus Typhle*, L., and *S. æquoreus*, L.) in the river Tees; also (2.) a paper on the economical history of the woods of Guiana forest trees, very interesting in a commercial point of view. The author of the paper was Sir Robert Schomburgk, the British consul in St. Domingo. Mr. Adam White read a notice on the natural history of the Shetland Islands, the result of a recent visit. He showed from the dredging labours of Mr. MacAndrew, of Liverpool, Professor Forbes, and Mr. Barlee, with the researches of Professor Fleming, of New College, Edinburgh, and from his own experience, how rich the seas were in varied kinds of animal life. So little had the insects of the group been studied, that the common humble bee of Lerwick, Sandlodge, and Unst, when examined by Mr. F. Smith, proved to be a species new to the British Fauna (*Bombus arcticus*, Dahll, not Kirby). Mr. White made some remarks on the nomenclature of this species, and called the species Smith's humble bee (*Bombus Smithianus*), as the Rev. W. Kirby had already, in 1822, given the name *B. arcticus* to a species abundant in Melville Island and Greenland, which Otho Fabricius had regarded as a variety of the *Apis alpina*, while Dahll's species was so named in 1832. Mr. W. drew the attention of the members to the importance of collecting in Shetland, and dredging in the surrounding seas. The occurrence of *Arenaria Norvegica* and *Ajuga pyramidalis*, two Scandinavian plants, and of many animals abundant in the Norwegian seas, should lead naturalists to investigate in detail the productions of the Shetland group.

BOTANICAL.—Jan. 5th.—A. Henfrey, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Various donations were announced. The chairman exhibited German specimens of *Equisetum inundatum*, Lasch, considered by German botanists as a hybrid between *E. limosum* and *E. arvense*. Mr. J. T. Syme (curator) read a notice of *Sparganium natans*, L. Fr., which he considered distinct from *S. minimum*.



"Bauh." Fr., the plant commonly called by the former name. He remarked that Mr. Babington's descriptions of these two plants, in the third edition of the 'Manual of British Botany,' pointed out the distinctive characters of each so clearly that there was nothing of importance left to notice. He stated that he had seen the plant growing in several places in Braemar, in the Lock of Drum, Aberdeenshire, and near the Spittal of Glenshee, in Perthshire; he had also seen specimens collected by Mr. H. C. Watson, in Inverness-shire, and on Purbright Common, Surrey, and some dated 1808, which had been gathered by the Rev. D. Fleming, in Featholam Lake, North Mavine, in the mainland of Zetland. Mr. Syme presented a set of specimens to the Herbarium of the Society.

**ETHNOLOGICAL.**—Dec. 10th.—Sir J. Clark, Bart., M.D., Vice-President, in the chair. Report of a missionary tour in the New Hebrides and other islands in the West Pacific, by Rev. John Ingle, communicated to the Society by the Rt. Hon. Earl Grey. Mr. Ingle left Auckland, in New Zealand, 8th August, 1850, on board H.M.S. *Havannah*, Captain Erskine, and visited the New Hebrides, Queen Charlotte's Islands, the Solomon Islands, and New Caledonia, and arrived at Sydney, 8th November, 1850. The inhabitants of these four groups belong to the Papuan or Negro race. They are quite a distinct race from the inhabitants of Eastern Polynesia. In their personal appearance, dress, mode of living, government, warfare, and customs, they are all much the same. They have all curly or woolly hair; they are darker than the New Zealanders or the Samoans, but not nearly so black as the Africans. They are about the middle size; but they vary in different islands. Thus, in Anciteum (one of the New Hebrides) they are below the average size, but compact and well built; while in Fate (another of the New Hebrides) they are above the average size, strong and robust.

The missionaries have acquired the language of Anciteum, and thereby obtained a knowledge of the traditions of the people. There are traditions of the creation, of the flood, and of some other great events of universal history. Circumcision is practised in New Caledonia, and possibly in all the islands. It is, however, limited to the sons of chiefs and influential persons, and is celebrated by a feast. It is performed at any period before puberty; but Ishmael's rather than Isaac's age seems the example followed. Polygamy prevails to some extent, especially among the chiefs. In the New Hebrides, the wife is put to death, by strangling, upon the death of her husband, and all the children that are unable to support themselves. Cannibalism prevails in both Eastern and Western Polynesia. The Papuans, however, practise it to a much greater extent than the other race. Next to the Fiji islanders, those of New Caledonia are perhaps the greatest cannibals of the Polynesian groups.

The language of the Papuan tribes in the West Pacific is entirely distinct, both in vocables and structure, from the language of the Malay race in the East Pacific. Very little is known of the Papuan languages, except of the dialects of Anciteum and Tana. The language spoken by the Malay race peopling the various islands, from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand, and from Tahiti to the borders of the Hebrides, is essentially one; but, so far as can be ascertained, each Papuan island has its own distinct language. It is probable that the Papuan race in Western Polynesia was a much earlier migration than that of the Malay race in the East Pacific.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(1. Notice on the Expeditions of Lieut. Pim, R.N. and Capt. Beaton. 2. Ascent of Orizaba in Mexico, by Ed. Thornton, Esq. 3. Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, *via* British N. America, by W. H. Synges, Esq., Capt. R.E.)  
— British Architects, 8 p.m.  
— School of Mines.—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)  
**Tuesday.**—Medical and Surgical, 8½ p.m.  
— Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.  
— Zoological, 9 p.m.

- Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(1. Dr. Grotefend on the Age of the Obelisk found at Nimrud. Communicated by Dr. Lee.—2. Mr. Sharpe on Assyrian Chronology and History.)  
— School of Mines.—(Mechanical Science, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)  
**Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Dr. J. Lindley, F.R.S. on Substances used as Food.)  
— London Institution, 7 p.m.  
— Graphic, 8 p.m.  
— Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.  
— Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(On the Ethnography of Akkrah and Adampa, W. Coast of Africa, by Mr. W. F. Daniel, M.D., F.R.S.)  
— Literary Fund, 3 p.m.  
— School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)  
**Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.  
— Antiquaries, 8 p.m.  
— Royal Academy.—(Professor Cockerell on Architecture.)  
— School of Mines.—(Mechanical Sciences, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)  
**Friday.**—School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)  
**Saturday.**—Medical, 8 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE PANORAMA OF NIMROUD.

THERE has been a gradual improvement in the painting of Mr. Burford's panoramas, and the present new one, which represents in careful detail the site of Mr. Layard's successful discoveries, including a magnificent view of the surrounding country, fully justifies the opinion. It is painted with a skill surpassing any that he has yet exhibited. Standing upon the cone of the tell, or mound of Nimroud, we look down, as it were, into the excavations, and are brought into proximity with, and have laid bare to us, some of the most interesting results. The scene is a very lively one under the effect of the setting sun. The principal incident is the removal of the great winged bull, under the direction of Mr. Layard himself, accompanied by Mr. Hormusd Rassam, who acted as his secretary, the latter in oriental costume. The wild joy and excitement of the actors in the scene are well depicted, though necessarily painted upon a small scale. Various other incidents are pictured upon the immense embankment, which is reticulated by the cuttings of the excavations, revealing in a most startling and intelligible manner the vastness of the labours. Strewn over the summit also, we have the white and coloured tents of Mr. Layard's encampment, contrasted with the dark-looking and elaborated dwellings of the Arabs, and at a distance sufficiently remote, the houses erected for the Nestorian peasants. The interest is increased by groups of Arab sheikhs, seldom unaccompanied by their graceful-looking steeds; by picturesque workmen from Tyari or the Nestorian mountains; by Shumshie tents, with their backs to the sun, and all that renders the wild and strange scene wilder and stranger, whilst a gigantic head looks out from its cavity, as from a past world. It is impossible to gaze around without peopling the scene in our imagination with the former inhabitants of ancient Nineveh, and contrasting it with its present desolation. Looking more remotely, we have the mounds which indicate the walls of the palace gardens, even to the two larger ones which point out the entrance gate. And then letting the eye rove beyond the Tigris, which winds through the valley, we stretch out towards Mosul and Koyunjik, and dream of what the French are doing there. So on, past the setting sun to the Nestorian peaks, which sent to Mr. Layard his hardest workmen of ancient Chaldean race, Christians who have retained their uncontaminated faith from the apostolic ages. Thence onwards to the right, over the distant snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan towards the hills above Arbela, which look down upon the plain fatal to the Persian monarchy, by the victory of Alexander over Darius. Coming nearer, the eye is now arrested by the most striking object in the more distant portion of the landscape, the Cara Chock range of limestone rocks, which rise up in bold relief upon the horizon. The whole circle of landscape is treated with great truth and refinement. The light and shadow is singularly beautiful and aerial, and all that we can

find fault with is, that the middle distance is perhaps a little too much overcharged with purple tints.

Professor Cockerell commenced on Thursday, at the Royal Academy, his course of six lectures on Architecture.

#### MUSIC.

THE opera performances at DRURY LANE are announced to begin on Tuesday next with *Der Freischütz*. After all that has been said about the support of the national opera, and the parade with which the names of all our English lyrical writers have been flourished forth in Mr. Bunn's announcements, we cannot congratulate the musical director upon his selection of the opening opera. Fine as the music may be, it suffers when performed with the English words; and, moreover, it has been from time to time so oft repeated, that, beyond the attractions of its *diablerie*, which may have charms for the Christmas audiences, it cannot be relied upon for exciting any musical interest, especially when only last season we had so perfect a representation of it at the Royal Italian Opera. With such overflowing houses as the *affiches* inform us of, and which doubtless have brought the 'vind' the managerial speech asked for, we had looked for the production of some English opera possessing either the interest of novelty or the favour of popularity.

THE REUNION DES ARTS met again on Wednesday, after the short recess. The music was of the average excellence as regards the concerted instrumental pieces and songs; but the violoncello playing of Mr. Lutgen, and the bassoon solo, a fantasia on airs from *Lucia*, deserve especial mention.

The second performance this week, of the LONDON THURSDAY CONCERTS, at Exeter Hall, was more fully attended than the first, and we were glad to see this very simple and agreeable musical entertainment so highly appreciated. The audience were, however, much too vociferous in their encores, which are extremely painful to the singer when there is a divided judgment on the point. Mr. Swift fully sustains his reputation as a tenor of sweetness and power, though wanting somewhat in animation. His performance of the 'Cara Imagine,' from 'Zauberflöte,' and of Balfe's 'In this old Chair,' excited the warmest interest. Mr. Whitworth sang 'The Brave Old Oak' magnificently, but he was imperfect in the glee, 'Hand in Hand.' Miss Louisa Pyne worthily rivals Madame Sontag in Rhode's difficult 'Air with Variations.' She imparts a charming expression to all that she gives utterance to, and is taking a high position as a vocalist. The Choir sang with taste and precision. The madrigal, 'Now in the Month of Maying,' may be noticed as a fine old composition excellently performed.

HERR SOMMER'S CONCERTS have afforded an acceptable musical entertainment during the week, at St. Martin's Hall, as well as at Greenwich. The instrument invented by Herr Sommer, with which the public have been made tolerably familiar by the performances upon it in the Exhibition Palace, cause considerable astonishment from the power as well as harmonious qualities which it possesses. The Hungarian vocalists, too, in their picturesque costumes, are also an agreeable addition to the enjoyment.

We are glad to observe the formation of a musical union at Leeds, where also a series of grand classical concerts, under the auspices of Messrs. Hird and Haddock, are projected, for which Molique is engaged.

The principal event of the week at Paris is the musical performance which took place at Notre Dame on the 1st, on the occasion of the 'Te Deum,' or quasi-coronation of Louis Bonaparte, in honour of his "election" to the dictatorship of France. The orchestra was one of the largest ever heard in France. There were upwards of 150 performers, and amongst them 60 violinists; whilst the number of singers was 210—viz., 150 sopranis and contraltis, 80 tenors,



and 80 basses. Auber and Girard acted as directors; and from the manner in which the musicians and singers had to be placed, there were five *sous-chefs*, who repeated their movements. The execution on the whole was excellent, and the effect of so many instruments and so many voices rolling along the vaulted aisles of the old church was truly grand. With the exception of Auber's 'Sanctus,' all the music was by Lesueur, and consisted of selections of what he composed for the coronation and other great ceremonies of Napoleon—viz., the 'March,' the 'Vivat,' the 'Te Deum,' the 'Urbs beata,' and the 'Dominus liberavit nos.' Professional musicians do not hold this composer in such high esteem as the public; but it is impossible to deny that there is a certain grandeur in his productions. To be appreciated, however, they should be heard in the edifice for which they were specially written—a cathedral.

At the *Théâtre Italien*, Mdlle. Cruvelli has made a second appearance in *La Sonnambula*. She sang some parts very finely, others very indifferently; but on the whole made a hit. Belletti sang well.

The Society of Sainte Cecile gave a performance on Sunday which excited much interest. It consisted of a selection of original productions of living composers. An overture to *Hamlet*, by M. Stadfeld, displayed a good deal of scientific instrumentation. A *chœur pastoral*, for four voices, by M. Vervoitte, was pretty; and a *Benedictus* and a *Sanctus*, by M. Gounod, were not without considerable merit.

The *bals masqués* have recommenced at the Grand Opera at Paris, and the director of the orchestra is still a Musard—but Musard the son, not the father, of European celebrity. He is, however, the worthy heir of an illustrious sire.

On dit that Roger of the Grand Opera has given up the principal part in Halevy's forthcoming *Juif Errant*; and that, fearing to over fatigue his voice by continuing his present excessive labours, he has some thought of quitting Paris altogether, and of going to Germany, where he is much admired, where the profits are greater and the exertion less.

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has been brought out with great success at Lyons.

An Italian opera company is said to be performing at Bukharest in Wallachia. It has already produced five or six operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi.

F. Meyerbeer, at Berlin, has completed an opera buffa, in three acts. Another opera, *Eufemia de Messina*, is announced by Gambini.

Auber, the composer, is not a favourite at Vienna, where his 'Masaniello' has always been considered to be replete with the most subversive tendencies. Nevertheless, the court and the aristocracy have resolved to waive their prejudice in favour of his 'Prodigo,' which has been performed at the Vienna Opera House with the Emperor's special permission.

Felicien David's *Perle des Brésils* has been acted at Brussels. It is generally considered that the music of this piece is excellent, but that the libretto is particularly absurd.

Among the novelties announced by the German publishers is 'Moses,' an oratorio by Aloys Schmidt, with the libretto by Professor Kilzer.

*Marche de Pèlerins, pour Piano-forte*, par Franz Bosen. Boosey and Co.

UNDER the above simple title of 'A March of Pilgrims,' (to render it literally,) this composer has produced a very original and beautiful composition. It is, in truth, much more than the title implies. In style, character, and design, it may be regarded as the epitome of an overture. Graphic, and full of pleasing melody, while it is not less learned in point of science than usual with Mr. Bosen, he has contrived to keep the harmonies and execution within the means of most pianoforte players, and has not overloaded it with those difficulties which old Dr. Johnson so sagely said he wished were not only difficult, but impossible. The March opens in D major, with the effect of the distant advance of the pilgrims; one may next imagine them approaching near at hand, and gra-

dually ascending one side of a hill. Arrived at the top, as we suppose, they sing a chant, the key changing to G. It is a full and sustained, yet simple melody, of genuine choral effect. The key returns to D, and the pilgrims descend the other side of the hill. It is long since we have met with any composition of living composers which has given us so much pleasure.

#### THE DRAMA.

As far as regards the production of novelties, there has been a complete lull this week in the theatrical world. The success of the Christmas entertainments at most of the theatres precludes the necessity of any change in the performances. At DRURY LANE, *Macbeth*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, and the Bateman children, have, with the pantomime, collected moderately numerous audiences. At the ADELPHI, Miss Woolgar has been compelled, by severe illness, to relinquish the part of *Otto* in the burlesque to Miss Ellen Chaplin; and at the STRAND, a one-act farce, by Mr. Charles Selby, has served successfully to introduce Mrs. Selby in the character of a fierce Anglo-Indian widow. The name of the farce is *My Sister from India*.

We are promised *The Winter's Tale*, at DRURY LANE, on Monday; and on the same evening a new theatre, constructed for the exhibition of *Marionettes*, opens in what was formerly the Adelaide Gallery. This species of mimic drama is popular on the continent, and not new in this country, a similar performance having met with success about twenty-five years ago, in the Argyle Rooms in Regent-street.

The veteran Bartley, who has lately been delighting the audience of the Princess's theatre with his renowned impersonation of *Falstaff*, last week read before the Queen, the illustrative verses to Mendelssohn's music of the *Edipus* of Sophocles, performed by Her Majesty's private band, aided by the best voices from the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Operas. At the conclusion, Her Majesty in the kindest manner personally expressed to the actor her thanks and admiration. At the opening of the present century, Mr. Bartley, who excelled in light farce and also in comedy, was capable of the highest efforts in tragedy. As a powerful and graceful elocutionist few equalled him.

Mr. Murray, the ex-manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, who lately retired from the stage of that city, has entered upon an engagement at Aberdeen for a few nights.

The only dramatic novelty produced at Paris since our last, is a five-act drama, called the *Marionettes du Docteur*, by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is exaggerated in incident and character, and withal very dull. Time was when M. Barbier was looked on as one of the most promising poets of 'Young France;' but —. The piece is composed of alternate patches of poetry and prose, which is a style just come into favour amongst Parisian dramatists. They call it the 'Shaksperian,' and—bless the mark—modestly think themselves so many Shakspeares when they adopt it. But they entirely overlook the fact that the English drama, being written in blank verse, admits of the occasional introduction of prose: whereas, the French drama requires stilted rhymes, amidst which prose jars on the ear. Even in English, doubts may exist whether the introduction of prose in a dramatic poem is quite regular: at all events, it is only in the greatest masters that it can be tolerated.

The total number of new pieces of all kinds brought out at the Parisian theatres (of which there are twenty), in the course of the last year was 263. Amongst them were three operas, and three ballets by the Grand Opera; seven comedies, three dramas, and one *proverbe*, or dramatic sketch, by the Théâtre Français; four operas comiques, by the Opéra Comique; five comedies and four dramas at the Odéon. The rest of the budget consists of melodramas, vaudevilles, farces, reviews, fairy spectacles, &c.

A company of Scotch dancers are performing at the Ambigu. They excite curiosity, but

not much admiration; in the words of a Parisian literary man, "they spoil the illusion which Walter Scott cast around the Scotch." By the way, the poor fellows have to bless their stars that they are still in the land of the living. They were engaged in rehearsing a sort of sword dance when the fighting began on the 4th ultimo, and the police arrested them as conspirators about to join the insurrection. They were taken before a colonel at the Tuileries, and he, believing that they really were what was represented, "insurgents in arms," and seeing that they had huge swords in their hands, directed that in obedience to the orders of the Minister of War they should be shot instantly. The unfortunate wretches turned deadly pale, and in broad Scotch loudly protested their innocence. But the colonel was peremptory—"Take them out and shoot them!" Just as the order was about to be executed, some one who understood English came in; and he, hearing the facts, gave explanations to the Colonel which satisfied him that he had nearly committed a very fatal mistake. The Scotchmen were thereupon released, and they took good care to make no further use of their claymores until the fighting was all over.

Considerable interest is just now excited in New York respecting the début of Mrs. Forrest, the wife of the American actor. This lady claims our notice as the daughter of Sinclair, the well remembered singer of the days of Incedon and Braham. Having for some time been made to undergo the ignominy of a suit for divorce, as it appears, unjustly, for the law has not granted Mr. Forrest's suit, she is now thrown upon her own resources, and is about to appear as a tragic actress. She has been studying under Miss Cushman, who takes a deep interest in the ill-used lady. Rumour speaks highly of her dramatic talent and great personal beauty, which have contributed much to win for her the sympathy of the best circles of New York. She appears first at the Brougham Lyceum.

The Vienna papers stated that the Austrian tragedian, Grillparzer, the author of the 'Ahnfrau,' 'Sappho,' &c., has just completed 'Rudolph II.' an historical tragedy.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 6th.

WE are promised, on the 15th, which the French call *un grand événement littéraire*—the formal reception of Count de Montalembert at the Académie Française. This sort of ceremony always excites great interest; but on this occasion it will be something extraordinary. Count de Montalembert is one of the principal political men in the country, and the recognised chief of the extreme party in the Church. He is an admirable speaker, and is not accustomed to disguise his sentiments, however unpalatable they may be to his hearers, and to the majority of his countrymen. His speech, therefore, will, it is expected, not be a literary disquisition of more or less length, and more or less dulness, as most academical orations are; but a 'slashing' exposition of political and ecclesiastical theories, and vigorous attacks on adverse political parties, and especially on the modern school of literature, and the university—both of which are very hostile to the pretensions of the Church partisans; moreover, those everlasting bugbears of the Ultramontanes, Voltaire and Rousseau, will no doubt come in for a scourging. All this will be very *piquant*. But the interest will be immensely increased by the reply which will be made to M. de Montalembert's harangue, and which is to come from no less a personage than M. Guizot. This eminent man may in some respects be considered the chief of the rival party. He is a Protestant and a philosopher; an enemy (at least he *was*) to arbitrary power, both in politics and religion; a supporter of freedom of conscience, as opposed to the pretensions of absolute authority.

The dead silence to which the country is condemned by the state of siege, the suppression of many newspapers, and the censorship on others, weigh most irksomely on the people of Paris. The



lack of a daily supply of entertaining or exciting matter in *les journaux* causes in particular a lamentable blank in many an existence, especially in those of old *rentiers* and *propriétaires*, who had nothing else to do than to read the broadsheets every day from beginning to end, and to talk over their contents afterwards over a game of dominoes. But the playgoing public make up for the silence of the 'best possible instructors' by loudly applauding any political allusion, or anything that can be turned into one, which may be made on the stage; and theatrical critics, following the lead of Janin, are beginning to use language which, though at first sight appearing to be innocently applied to a play or vaudeville, yet admits of a political signification.

M. de Lamartine has resigned the editorship, or, as he called it, directorship of the daily newspaper on which he was engaged at a large salary, and in which he published his opinions on political events. He has also put an end to his monthly literary periodical called 'Les Foyers du Peuple'—no great loss, by the way, seeing that it was only a jumble of quotations from his unpublished works, placed together without rhyme or reason; and, finally, he has dropped the bi-monthly magazine in which he figured as the 'Counsellor of the People.' But *en revanche* he promises, notwithstanding the sickness under which he is labouring, to bring out a serious literary periodical, as soon as the laws on the press shall be promulgated. It is to be hoped that it will not be exclusively *du Lagnartine*, as a continued repetition of the same sort of literary stuff, by the same writer, becomes as disagreeable as *toujours perdrix* was to the poor abbé.

Not content with upsetting political institutions, and creating oppression and confusion, revolutions in France have the strange mania of changing the names of public monuments, streets, &c. The February revolution thought it wonderfully fine—though, in truth, it was only silly—to decree that the Palais Royal should be called Palais National; Rue Royale, Rue Nationale; the Académie Royale, Académie Nationale, and so on; and even the December revolution of Buonaparte thinks it more grand—though it is, perhaps, more silly—to change the names again. So the poor Palais National has from this day forth become the Palais Royal; the Académie Nationale has become the Grand Opera; the Théâtre de la Nation, the Théâtre Français; and the street which runs from the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde, is no longer one of Concorde but of Royalty. Why, however, the street to which the name of Lamartine was given has not been dis-named, I am at a loss to tell, especially as Lamartine is a very anarchical designation at present. But perhaps the inhabitants would protest *en masse* against the restoration of the former name of *Coquenard*; for not only does that of Lamartine possess infinitely more euphony, and is incomparably more aristocratic, but it so happens that Coquenard is peculiarly disagreeable, from having been made, by caricaturists and vaudevillistes, the cognomen of *les maris malheureux*—a too numerous class of the community always subjected to unhappy ridicule by the sarcastic and immoral population of Paris.

Whatever the forthcoming laws may be, it is not doubted that they will weigh most heavily on the political press. Indeed, as the government must necessarily be despotic, however much it may disguise its despotism behind pretended constitutional institutions, it is impossible that there can be any freedom of political discussion; and consequently it is not easy to see how newspapers can stand at all, or at least stand in their present shape. Political writers will therefore be thrown on the *paré*. Besides this, there will be no parliamentary debates, or at best debates will be all a sham, as (according to what is known of the projected constitution) they can only be in one house, by members nominated not by the people but by the government, and on questions submitted by the government itself, i. e., those only which have no public interest. What will then become of the parliamentary reporters? But sad as all this is, we

must not shut our eyes to the fact that the probable consequence of it will be—supposing the printing-press be not altogether stifled as an abomination—to cause a considerable development of strictly literary enterprise. For, in the first place, most of the mere newspaper men, afflicted with the *ca-coethes scribendi*, or, what is more probable, unable to earn their bread in any mercantile walk, will turn critics, or novelists, or tale-writers, or dramatists, or historians, or poets; and, in the second place, the reading public of Paris—which in proportion to the population is infinitely more numerous than in any other city in Europe—(witness the legion of men of all ages living in idleness on paltry incomes, sooner than work for more,—witness, also, the multitude of reading-rooms, and circulating libraries, and *cafés*, which are *quasi*-reading rooms),—the reading public of Paris, I say, deprived of their beloved newspapers, will, from taste and for the sake of occupation, crave for literary *pabulum* of some kind. Thus, then, there will be supply and demand in accordance with the strictest rules of political economy. Indeed, some of the daily newspapers have already announced their intention of filling up the void left by the annihilation of parliamentary debates and political discussion, with literary and artistic disquisitions, romances, &c. In this, however, anticipating a good deal of literary activity, let it not be supposed for a moment that I believe a revival of the Augustan age to be at hand. O dear, no! As I said, in a previous letter, the name of Bonaparte *porte malheur* to real literature:—that was the case under Bonaparte the uncle, who was a man of a very different stamp to Bonaparte the nephew; and besides, the present man, though a *quondam* author himself, is noted for his stolid contempt for books and book writers.

The French government, all the world knows, has always nobly encouraged all branches of science and literature and learning. A correspondent of a literary journal should be the last person in the world to insinuate that it has done too much in that respect; but I must confess that I could not help smiling on reading, the other day, that government lectures are now being given, by eminent professors, at the Ecole des Langues Orientales, on not merely Hindostanee, Chinese, and Persian, but also on Manchou-Tartar, and the language of Tibet!

Cologne, Jan. 5th.

THE Christmas holidays absorb everything just now. The whole of Germany, from the Baltic to the Rhine, is bristling with fir-trees, and candied over with 'Gerstenzucker' and bonbons. The booksellers' tables are literally groaning with the weight of books for children, of all sizes and prices. You have enough of this ephemeral literature, and perhaps some to spare; suffice it to say, that every male and female author who ever wrote for the rising generation, has taken the field with a new moral and edifying tale, calculated to turn the youthful mind in the direction it ought to go; and that this class of writers, whose name is legion, has been reinforced by a considerable number of fresh levies—charity forbids my calling them *raw*.

The less didactic among our literati have meanwhile been equally industrious, though less prolific. A translation of Mr. Warren's rhapsody, 'The Lily and the Bee,' has just been published by Messrs. Dunker and Humblot, at Berlin, and provokes very severe strictures from the Leipzig 'Grenzboten.' That literary magazine considers Mr. Warren's production as an off-shoot of the antiquated school of German 'Romantik,' with a dash of the pessimism of Young Germany. It complains of the many signs of exclamation in 'The Lily and the Bee'—of its lapidary style, of its playing with riddles, its pathos without an object, and its sentimentality leavened with irony. I give you the *ipsissima verba* of the 'Grenzboten': and I trust not even Mr. Warren's friends will feel offended at the strictures. It is but natural that a German should look at these things with less indulgence than the English public can afford to do. You have no reason to fear the enemy whom

we have had great trouble to drive from out our gates, and who still makes a rush every now and then to re-enter the old home, and establish himself there, with seven others, his brethren, worse than him. This is shown by a new book by Baron Eichendorff, the veteran of the old romantic school, who tries, with great elaborateness, to prove that our national literature has been falling from bad into worse ever since we discarded Fouqué's 'Ondine' and 'Magic Ring,' and that nothing will help us but chivalry, superstition, and bathos.

It is needless to say that Baron Eichendorff's remonstrance has been disregarded. How can it be otherwise when the books of Jeremias Gotthelf, the most practical of all writers for the lower classes, are hurried from one edition into another. His last works, of a temperance tendency, have had a vast circulation, and may possibly have done some good.

The latest news which has arrived here from German antiquarians at Rome, has produced great excitement among artists and virtuosi of all classes. You know that many of the treasures of the eternal city are still sunk at the bottom of the Tiber. A few which have been raised from that river, such as the 'Boy in Prayer,' (now in the Museum of Berlin,) are tokens of what may still lie buried under the water and mud of the yellow river; and the longings of antiquarians, though seemingly hopeless, have at least been justifiable. There has been no lack of adventurous projects to obtain possession of the marble and bronze gods and goddesses, which many virtuosi assert were not taken away or destroyed by any of the barbarian tribes which sacked Rome at different periods, and which, consequently, *must* have been flung into the river. An extensive system of dragging the river was at one time recommended, but it proved a failure. Another plan was, to divert the Tiber into a new channel, and thus dry the present bed. This plan, too, proved impracticable, for reasons which it would be needless to state. But one of your countrymen—a Mr. Vansittart—has lately proposed to search the bottom of the river by means of the newly-invented breathing apparatus, which, it is asserted, enables divers to remain under water for hours without the least difficulty or inconvenience. Mr. Vansittart's proposal was not by any means suggested by interested motives: he is ready and willing to sacrifice a large sum of money for a purely scientific purpose. He proposed that the results of the investigation should be divided between the British Museum and the Papal Government. If that government had acceded to his very rational offer, everything would have gone on smoothly. But the Pope's advisers have thrown unexpected difficulties in his way. They claim the right of reserving to themselves the lion's share, while all the expense and risk is to fall to the share of the Englishman. They demand, in short, to reserve to themselves the right of prohibiting the export of very rare or valuable antiquities. There the matter rests, for of course their impertinent demand has brought all the proceedings to a stand-still. Researches are, however, being carried on on the banks of the ancient Aulium, where the walls of villas are still visible under the water. In the port of Civita Vecchia, too, a colossal arm of rare beauty has been found; and this arm, it is needless to say, must have had a body, which body may be somewhere in the vicinity of the arm. The lake of Nervi, too, which was once surrounded by villas and temples, is being searched and a rich harvest expected.

Brussels, January 6th.

THE Belgian printers are moving heaven and earth to prevent the injury to their trade with which the proposed suppression of literary piracy menaces them. They have recently held a grand meeting in this city, at which, after much vehement speechifying, they resolved to establish an Association of their body for what they call the "protection of national industry;" and they also determined to start a newspaper specially devoted to their interests, to be called 'Guttemberg.' In addition to this, they solemnly demanded that no



thing should be done to put down literary piracy. These selfish men do not see that if piracy were annihilated, Belgium would have a literature of her own, and that they would have nearly as many books to print; add to which, they would have the moral satisfaction of being engaged in an honest instead of a dishonest trade.

M. Thiers, Alexander Dumas, Victor Hugo, several newspaper editors, and other literary men of France, are now here. Thiers is said to be working hard at his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' and Hugo is represented to entertain the intention of again seriously returning to literary pursuits, in which, one would think, he must find more pleasure, as well as more fame and profit, than in the stormy arena of politics. Dumas, who works like a cart-horse, and who, as ever, is in want of money, has, in addition to his numerous pending engagements at Paris, undertaken to revise, for a Belgian publishing firm, the 'Memoirs of his Life,' now in course of publication in the Paris 'Presse,' and he is to add to them all the passages suppressed by Louis Bonaparte's censors.

From Holland, we hear that the dissolution of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, which was ordered by royal decree to take place on the 1st of this month, has caused great dissatisfaction in the literary and scientific circles, and has called forth a rather indignant remonstrance from the Dutch Literary Association. The Institute held its last meeting on the 15th December; and it drew up a series of resolutions, expressing, in dignified terms, its sense of the injustice done it, and declaring that its dissolution will be "a heavy blow and a great discouragement" to Dutch science. The want of funds is the pretext put forth by the government for breaking up the learned body.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Marseillaise.*—This stirring hymn of liberty, so universally known and sung, was composed by Rouget de Lille. He thus describes the circumstances under which it was written:—"I composed the words and air of this song at Strasburg on the night following the proclamation of war, in April, 1792. It was first called *Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin*, and became known at Marseilles through the medium of a constitutional journal, published under the auspices of the unfortunate Dietrich." Rouget de Lille was afterwards 'proscribed,' and driven to hide himself from the emissaries of Robespierre in the mountains of Alsace. He was eventually imprisoned at the beginning of the 'Reign of Terror.'

*Statistics of German Booksellers and Publishers.*—The number of booksellers and publishers in Germany (including Bohemia) is 2651. The greatest numbers are, at Berlin, 129; Leipsic, 145; Vienna, 52; Stuttgart, 50; Frankfurt, 36. A century ago there were only 31 booksellers and publishers at Leipsic, and 6 at Berlin; and only 350 in all Germany. At present no one in Germany is allowed to be a bookseller without the authorisation of his government; and in Prussia candidates must pass a special examination.

*Two Hundred Dollars.*—Encouraged by the unexampled success of 'The Drunkard,' 'Charlotte Temple,' 'The Curate's Daughter,' 'Rosina Meadows,' &c., the proprietor of Barnum's American Museum now proposes to pay two hundred dollars to the author of the best original, local, and moral drama sent to him, on or before the 1st February, 1852. The drama must be simple in its plot, humorous in its relief, and moral in its aim. A literary committee of taste, ability, and impartiality, will decide upon the merits of the competing dramas. P. T. BARNUM.

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That the income of the Company for the year ending June 30, 1851, was ..... £140,338 1 9  
The premium on policies issued in the year .. 5,399 13 9  
The claims on decease of lives assured ..... 83,691 1 9  
The expenses ..... 5,686 5 0  
The total assets of the Company ..... 704,010 14 0

The report entered into further details, and finished by stating that the directors felt it unnecessary to dwell further upon the items of the year's account, as the quinquennial valuation to be made in June next was so near.

The report was unanimously adopted, and some routine business having been disposed of, the thanks of the meeting were very cordially voted to the chairman, directors, and officers of the Company, when the meeting separated.

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(By Order of the Board)

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1811	1000	33 19 2	2360 5 6
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1174	1810	1200	1160 5 6	2360 5 6
3392	1820	5000	3558 17 8	8558 17 8

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